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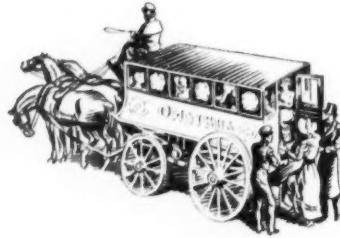
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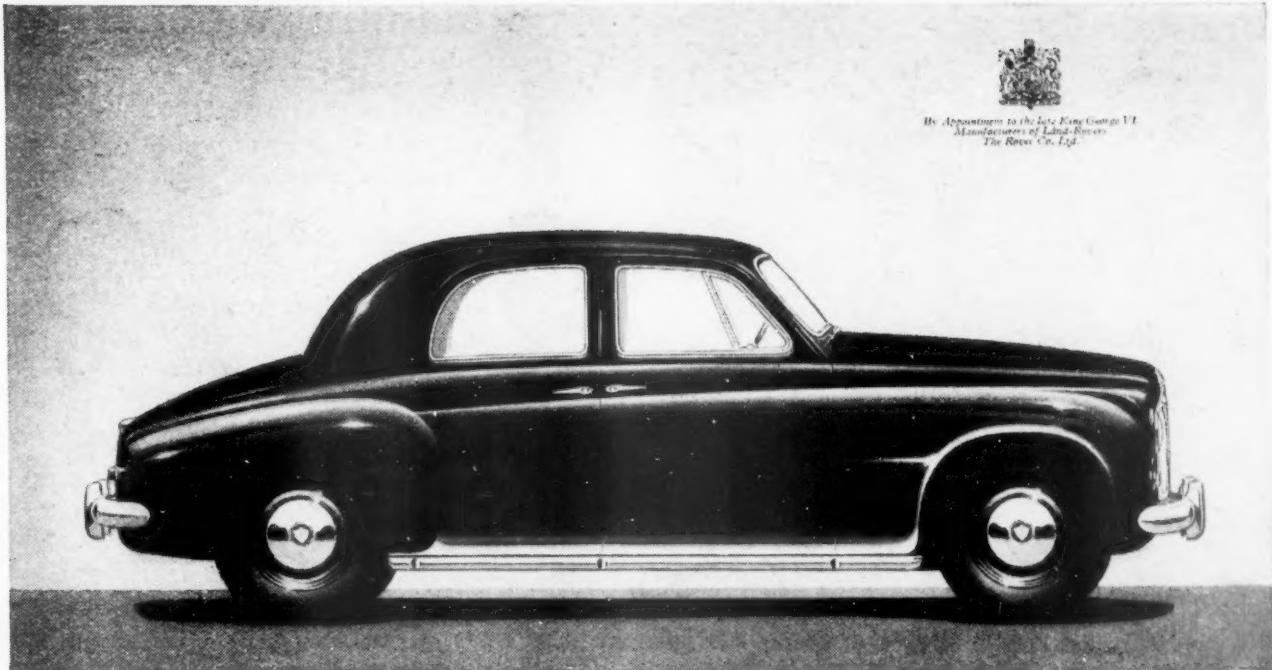
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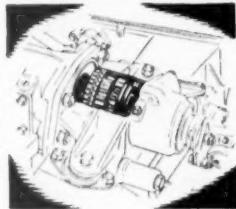
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Punch, June 17 1953

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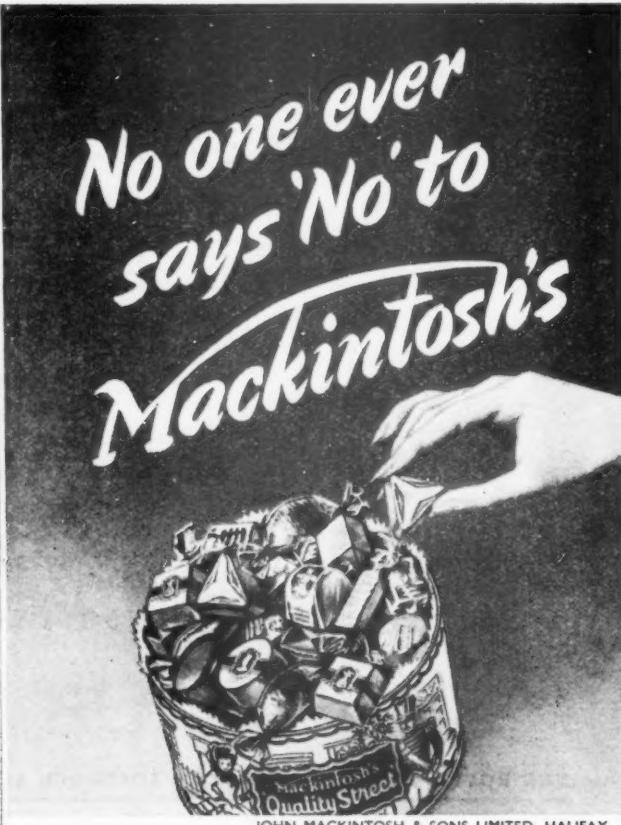
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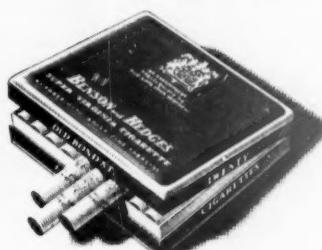
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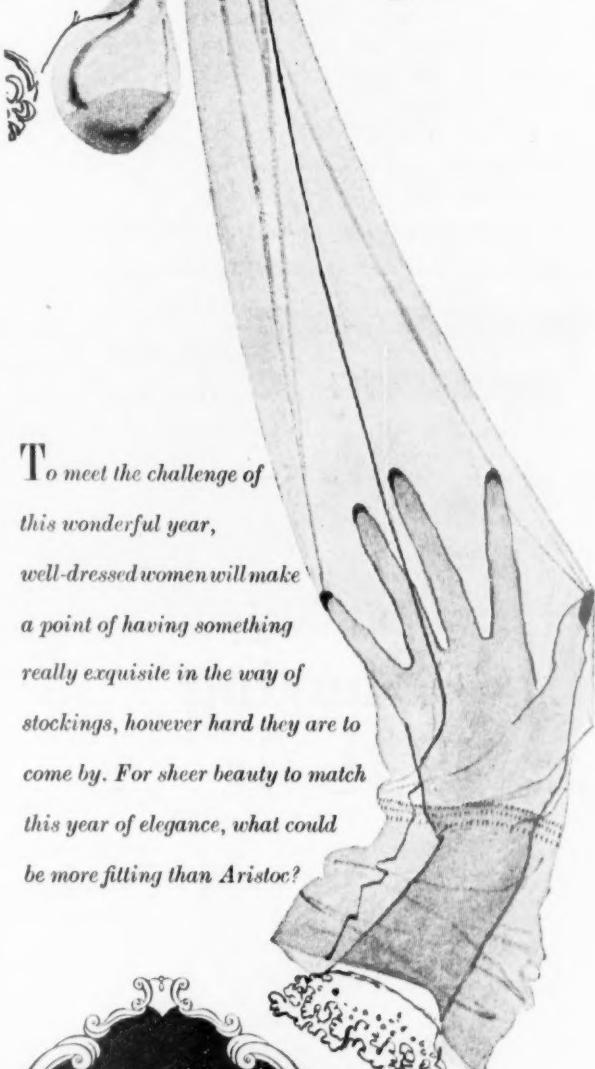


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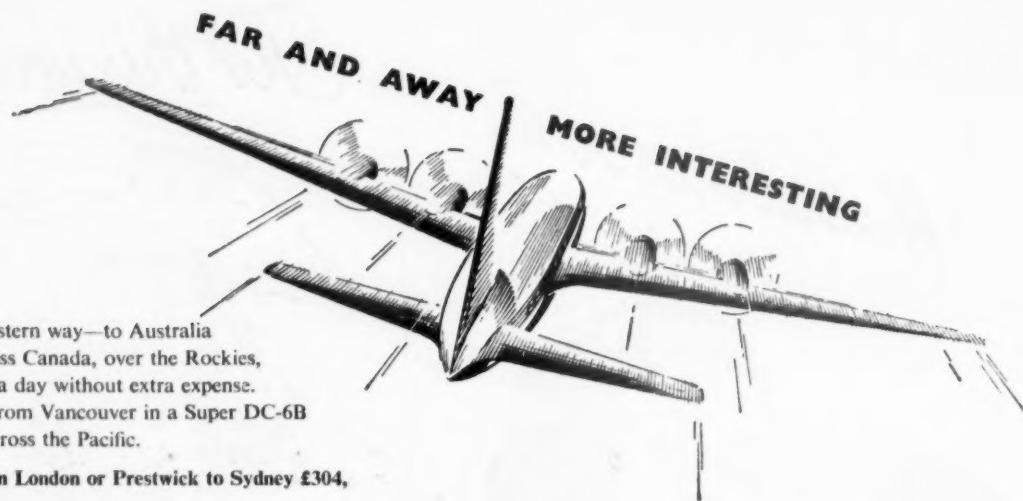
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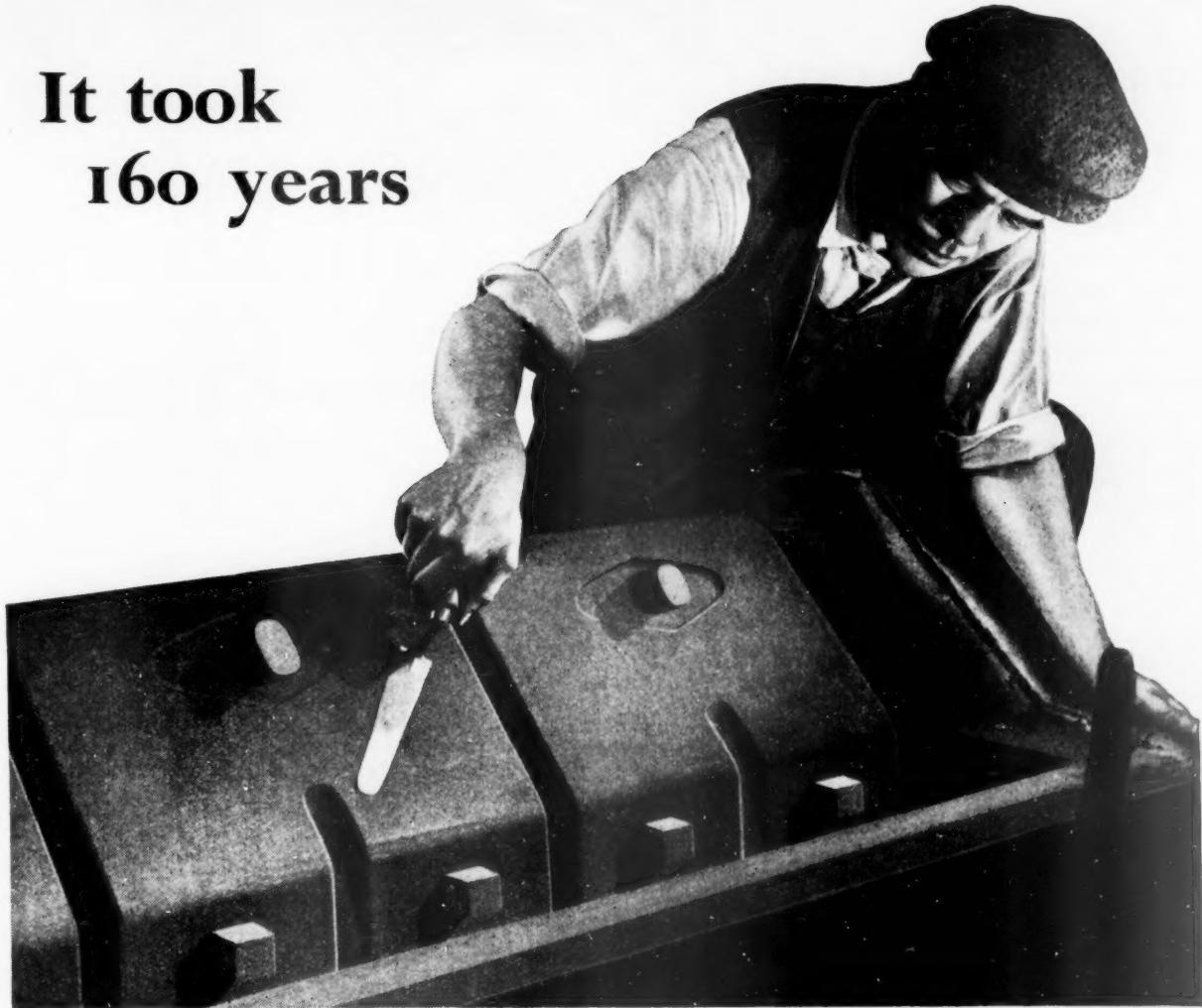
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Its annual yield is 55,000 tons, small compared with the twenty-six million tons that the Company draws from oilfields in the Middle East, but nevertheless valuable.

The search for oil in England goes on. This year Anglo-Iranian's world-wide activities include the drilling of two new wells in the Midlands.



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SC/53

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Dent-Odol has found a key to those locked doors. Dent-Odol contains Empicol L. Z., a new detergent; and because Empicol greatly reduces the surface tension of water, Dent-Odol in solution penetrates where otherwise it could not. Dent-Odol can enter—and oxygenate and clean—a crevice narrower than the smallest globule into which untreated water can divide itself!

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P.4



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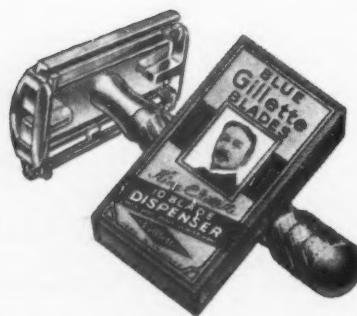
before Gillette made

the world clean-shaven !

It was not for comedy that our ancestors at solemn occasions wore laughable arrangements of hair. When shaving was tedious and dangerous, to accept whiskers was the better part of valour.

Beards indeed vanished once Gillette had made shaving easy, safe, and inexpensive.

For over half a century now millions of smoothly shaven men have faced the world clean and unafraid. Wherever they may be they know Gillette technical leadership and international organisation ensures them standards that never vary — in practical terms — perfect shaves every time.



Good mornings begin with Gillette



CHARIVARIA

ANY further developments on the lines of Trueman's sprained foot, Lock's grazed finger, Hutton's bruised shoulder, Hassett's injured leg and Miller's strained side will lead to louder murmurings than ever, from veteran spectators, about the need for a doctor on the field.



been established by experience which is the most effective, it would be unwise to attempt to standardize." Test selectors agree.

News that nearly seven hundred thousand pounds has been spent on carpets for messes and married quarters has been received with satisfaction by advocates of rugged conditions for the Army.

The case in which three girls admitted setting fire to their school after church one Sunday evening and causing five hundred pounds' worth of damage has not, so far, drawn any comment from the Lord's Day Observance Society.

British visitors to the U.S.S.R. have been broadcasting their glowing approval of Russian achievements in the arts, and one speaker singled out for special mention the current production of Shaw's *Pygmalion* at a

leading Moscow theatre. He was especially impressed by the translator's feat in conveying the essential flavour of Liza's line: "Ow, eez ye-ooa san, is e? Wal, fewd dan y' de-oaty bawmz a mather should, eed now bettern to spawl a pore gel's flahrzn ran awy athaht pyin."



Time of your Life

"... TIME was invented . . . TIME can solve . . . TIME editors arrange . . . TIME is not for . . . TIME is for you . . . you will like TIME . . . you will like TIME's knack . . . you'll like TIME's unique . . . come alive in TIME . . . TIME reports not only . . . through TIME you'll . . . try TIME . . . brings TIME directly to your . . ."

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Parts of letters received from the Circulation Managers of some American magazines or other



Dr. Alfred Kinsey, whose well-known report on the American male was so enthusiastically received by the reading public a few years ago, has now completed his companion volume on the American female, and the manuscript is reported to be under strong police protection at Bloomington, Indiana. It is expected that similar facilities will be afforded when the book reaches this country.





ALL HAVE NOT THE GIFT OF MARTYRDOM

Lords last week Lord Samuel was cheered when he said that "public opinion in this country will not tolerate the prospect of an armistice and a peace being spoilt by intransigence on the part of the Government of South Korea," and the American press insisted with a show of impatience and unanimity that "every precaution, however stern, must be taken to prevent the South Koreans from fighting on alone."

Military experts have pointed out that the South Koreans would be crazy to fight on, that they have only fourteen divisions, no tanks, no air force, precious little strength at sea and barely a week's supply of ammunition and other sinews of war. And President Syngman Rhee, no doubt, reflects that this was roughly the position three years ago.

Intransigent he may be, and so too may be his supporters with their "spontaneous demonstrations," their "neighbourhood associations on the Japanese model"; but it is impossible, surely, not to sympathize with such intransigence. Thirteen years ago, when we had fewer than fourteen divisions and an L.D.V. force armed with broomsticks, the people of Britain were

It is now three years, and it seems longer, since Korea hit the headlines and joined such unlikely-sounding spots as Eniwetok Kremenchug, Krivoi Rog, Dnepro Petrovsk, Myitkyina and El Alamein in the gazetteer of Mars. In June 1950 Mr. Truman announced "I have ordered United States sea and air forces to give the Korean Government troops cover and support," the Security Council called on the United Nations to assist South Korea and was immediately supported by forty-three States, and the free world prepared for further horrible detonations.

We examined newspaper maps of this strange, bleak Korean peninsula and absorbed such scraps of geography, history and economics as hard-pressed journalists were able to offer. South Korea, it appeared, had shown itself either unable or unwilling to curb monetary inflation. American columnists talked of "reckless bank overdrafts," a persistent failure to collect taxes, the "underpricing of goods provided by American aid," and deep-rooted instability. Poor Korea! Poor Koreans! They must now look back on this period of economic abandon as a golden age.

We were introduced to Doctor or Minister or President Syngman Rhee. He was the head of a corrupt clique, a man of markedly autocratic temperament, a "little Chiang Kai-Shek." He was also "a wise and respected statesman," a "man of the people," a "bulwark against Red infiltration." Poor Syngman Rhee!

His was the unhappy prologue to the gruesome tragedy; and now as the lights go up and the curtains fall his is the unhappy epilogue. The world rejoices, the flag of UNO flies bravely, but Syngman Rhee is "intransigent." In the House of

intransigent, and this was our finest hour. Or wasn't it?

Korea, poor Korea, has suffered this most terrible war not because her political leaders were unwilling three years ago to curb monetary inflation or to collect taxes but because the Kremlin selected it as a suitable offering in a daring gambit. A pawn. The gambit failed, the grizzly game ended in stalemate, and the pawn, the poor pawn, perished *en passant*.

From the world's, the free world's, point of view the stalemate is, of course, a triumph. It is fashionable to be cynical about war and resistance to aggression, to argue afterwards that the effort and the bloodshed were in vain, that both sides have lost and nothing has been gained. That war aims are never achieved. But this time there is quite clearly real achievement. In 1950 the United Nations' objective ("which is not, heaven knows," as one wise observer put it, "primarily to restore an unstable little state below the thirty-eighth parallel but to serve notice on the 'Communist half' that aggression does not pay") was both limited and limitless. The immediate aim was a negotiated peace, and this, after a fearful and hateful campaign, is now within reach. The larger aim was the moral rearmament of the "great alliance," and here there can be no doubt that the mission has succeeded.

But remember the pawn. President Syngman Rhee's firmness, intransigence if you like, is a reflection of his people's gallantry.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"AFRICANS ARE NOT MONKEYS
MANAGER REFUTES ALLEGATION
Mr. Leak, Manager of the U.A.C.
Lighterage Dept., refuting the allegation that Mr. Gale was calling Africans monkeys, said, 'It would be sheer nonsense on the part of any European to call Africans monkeys.'

Both the Manager and Mr. Gale denied the allegation as false."

Accra Evening News

Monkeys say anything?



THEY HAVE NOT PASSED

After three years of fighting in Korea, there are no North Korean or Chinese forces south of the 38th Parallel.

LITERARY LECTURE

DYLAN THOMAS," the lecturer concluded, "is without question the—ah—most important poet of the last hundred years." He sat down panting slightly. There was some desultory applause. An old lady in the second row slept peacefully through it, knitting untouched on her lap.

A trolley rattled along the corridor. "A little refreshment," said the tubby Chairman. The audience became perceptibly more lively. They had had their cultural pill for the week, now came the cheering cup to wash it down.

"Most interesting," said the Chairman to the lecturer. "Though of course opinions in our little study circle are—hee hee—strongly divided about Dylan Thomas. There may be some rather—hee hee—fierce questions fired at you. We're keen, you know, some of us are very keen."

The lecturer tugged nervously at the collar of his bright orange shirt. About thirty people, most of them women. They did not look fierce. Yet with the trolley wheeled away there was an unmistakable eagerness about them, as though tea and biscuits had merely whetted their appetites.

"And now," the Chairman beamed, "question time. Don't be bashful."

An elderly woman in a peasant smock, with wooden bracelets on her arms, said "Mr. Chairman, I should like to know if the speaker thinks that Dylan Thomas will *last*."

"Should have thought—made my opinion clear," began the lecturer.

The bracelets jangled. "But will he *last*? What I feel is that poetry should be simple, sensuous, sincere. 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' but most modern poems are not things of beauty. How many poets to-day can command the beautiful language of . . ."

"Miss Lestrade," the Chairman whispered. "One of our keenest. Always warms things up a bit."

And she did. The room was in a hum of approval and indignation when she finished five minutes later by quoting "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean." Only the old lady in the second row slept on.

A shock-headed, rugged-looking young man wearing mauve trousers was almost in tears. "I think Miss Lestrade is *quite* unfair. Dylan Thomas is a *great* poet, who has

been much affected by Berkeleyan metaphysics."

"Fiddlesticks," said Miss Lestrade.

"Speaking as an ordinary sort of chap, can't make head or tail of the stuff," said a man with a pipe.

Now the members were thoroughly warmed up. The lecturer could only catch fragments of what they were saying, and they all seemed to be arguing with each other.

"A music in his language——"

"Let's get back to Wordsworth——"

"What about Auden?"

"Be just the same if you read them backwards——"

"What did Edith Sitwell say?"

"Don't feel it's got the intellectual content——"

"What about Spender? What about Day Lewis?"

"Lively, aren't they?" the Chairman asked with pride. He tapped lightly on the table. "Chair, please. Now, Mr. Gospan."

Mr. Gospan was an elegant young Indian who swayed backwards and forwards as he talked. He made a brisk survey of English poetry in the past fifty years to show that it was all decadent, and ended by reading several pieces from *Songs of the Lathé*, by Bert Smith.

"I'm not quite sure of the question," said the lecturer.

Mr. Gospan was on his feet again, swaying. "The question is: Does the speaker wish to go forwards with the people or backwards with the reactionaries?"

"I think we ought to keep politics out of poetry."

"What did he say?" asked an old woman with a green hat and an ear-trumpet. "I haven't heard half you said, young man. Keep something *out* of poetry, was it? There's a mean, petty spirit about to-day, keep out here, no admittance there. Too many restrictions and regulations altogether. I'm against them."

"I said *Keep Politics Out of Poetry*," shouted the lecturer. It sounded somehow a little ridiculous, shouted like that.

"The speaker should not lose his temper," reproved Mr. Gospan, gently swaying.



"You and your 'bring them the benefits of our civilization'!"

"Now then, Mr. Gospan, we're all entitled to our—hee hee—political opinions," said the Chairman. "Let someone else have a turn. I should like to know what the speaker thinks about Dylan Thomas and the Christian ethic . . ."

The Christian ethic, obscurity in poetry, T. S. Eliot and the object correlative, Gerard Manley Hopkins and inscape, the influence of nationality on poetry—the lecturer parried all these questions comfortably. He had, indeed, heard them many times before.

"If you can't understand all this stuff," asked the man with the pipe, "how can you like it?"

"A good question," beamed the lecturer. Very good indeed, the kind of question one could take a few minutes about answering. He glanced at the difference between understanding and appreciation, quoted Coleridge, Arnold and Eliot. The clock hands moved mercifully on. The Chairman rose.

"Time's getting on . . . sure we all appreciate the kindness . . . modern poetry pretty vexed subject . . . provocative . . . something to get our—hee hee—teeth into . . ." The Chairman's own teeth gleamed falsely, china white.

Somebody must have prodded the old lady in the second row. She woke up. "Gin traps," she said loudly. "What about gin traps?"

The lecturer thought desperately. He could remember only the Master's lines:

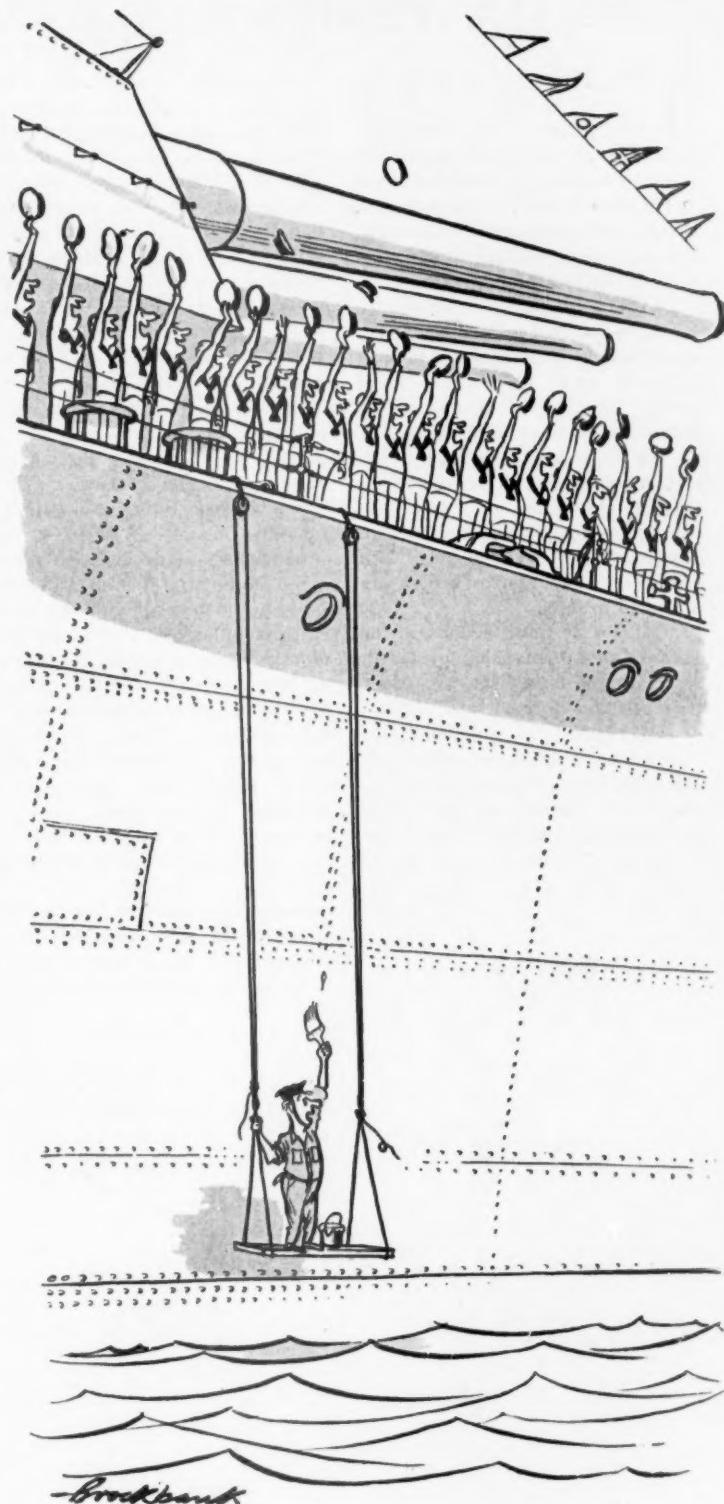
*Deliver me who, timid in my tribe,
Of love am barer than Cadaver's trap.
Not a reference, surely? "I don't
quite understand—" he began.*

"Aren't you the Radio Farmer?"

A burst of delighted laughter came from the audience. "That's next week. Dear old Mrs. Hadderley, trust her to get the week wrong."

The lecturer gathered together his slim volumes. "Thank you for being such an appreciative audience," he said, and to the Chairman, "I'll send a note of my expenses." It was time to get back to his semi-detached villa in Surbiton, time to go home.

JULIAN SYMONS



GALA PERFORMANCE

THE odour of music, they were saying, is close to the odour of sanctity. Here in the foyer the odour of syringa swamped the odour of humanity. Jewelled ladies and medalled gentlemen, requested to be in their seats by seven-twenty, lingered longer, basking in the lime-light of the film photographers.

"It's so warm," one explained.

A well-belted earl displayed a swallow-tail coat with velvet facings borrowed from his butler. "So useful," he said. "All our households used to wear them."

An impresario flaunted a peach satin waistcoat and carried, for the sake of old times, an opera hat. The most highly-decorated was an American film star, blazing with stars and stripes: stars of orders and stripes of medals.

Outside, in Covent Garden, the odour of spring onions mingled with the odour of horseflesh. A street had been transformed into a stable for the horses of the mounted police—and also, no doubt, of those lords and gentlemen who had learnt to ride in the Coronation procession and, seduced by the plaudits of the crowd, had elected to canter to the opera.

Eventually the cast was wheedled out into the auditorium, and the foyer cleared for Scene Two, revealing a staircase banked with rhododendrons and Grenadier Guardsmen. Since the management had unaccountably failed to provide swivel-stalls, the performers craned jewelled necks over powdered shoulders, or stood with their backs to the orchestra, gazing upwards to the lit but still empty stage in the centre of the Grand Tier.

Before and around it festoons of cottage roses, tightly packed by Miss Spry, wreathed gilded harvest festival emblems, beneath a sylvan bower of oak leaves painted blue by Mr. Messel. Besides a folio programme, on deckle-edge parchment, influential guests had been provided with a twelve-page, duplicated supplement, and could thus identify the cast, stacked in a series of straight flushes—royal, cabinet and diplomatic—around the circles. Appropriately cast, brilliantly dressed and perfectly produced, were ambassadors and ambassadrisses, sultans and khans, a paramount chief and a kabaka, a dato and a ratnu, peers and peeresses, sirs and ladies, even an occasional Mr. and Mrs.—with Chief Superintendent Jones of Bow Street to keep an eye on them all from seat D 59. A lady in the end box, eyeing them closely, held an instrument from which she broadcast or took oxygen, it was hard to see which. A huge silk parachute covered the dome, from which it seemed that the theatre would rise into the air, like

a precious balloon, as soon as the principals arrived.

They did so, to a fanfare of trumpets and an orchestral rendering of "God Save the Queen" fit to raise it to the stratosphere. Gloriana the Second sailed to the centre of her stage with smooth and glittering assurance, followed by her consort and her sister and Gloriana the Queen Mother, flanked by Scandinavian Olaf and Hanoverian Gloucester. The cast applauded. The lights went down. The first act was over.

In the intervals an opera was performed. The trumpeters, trumpeting the music of Mr. Britten, heralded an aged, red-wigged Gloriana the First. An imagined Devereux and Cecil disported themselves for the diversion of the real ones. Two lords, less seemly than Olaf and Gloucester, brawled coarsely with each other, and one made up to Gloriana, who noisily rebuked him. The curtain went down. The lights went up.

In the next act there was eating and drinking—from the crush bar at Cabinet level to the buffets in the pit. Nations of all hues crushed together, for once United. Velvet ropes divided gilded sheep from gilded goats. Occasionally, vaulting over or sidling under, they would try to join one another; but Beef-eaters, armed with spears, discouraged them. A shipowner, spilling his champagne, Coronation cuvée, said: "Delicious to be crushed to death against diamonds!"

The carousing continued on the stage, in Mr. Piper's lavish costumes to Mr. Britten's infectious folk-tunes. The party, in marked distinction to Gloriana the Second's,



grew raffish. Gloriana the First stole the Devereux lady's dress and dolled herself up in it like the Widow Twankey. Then Devereux burst into her dressing-room (its design derived by Mr. Piper from a pew in an Oxfordshire church) and surprised her, wigless. That was the end of Devereux, but not unfortunately of this entertainment, which then ceased to be an opera and changed into a travesty of a ghost scene from Shakespeare. Finally, however, the curtain fell, the lights went up, and the side-show was over. Gloriana the Second rose to take her bow, with pointed dignity, and made a glorious exit amid the cheers of her cast.

Then they swarmed on to her set, breathing the flower-laden air which she had breathed, treading the Aubusson carpets which she had trod, fingering the silks of her tented ante-room, sitting on the Empire throne where she had sat.

Next day, the odour of syringa slightly staling, the People came in to do the same, at half-a-crown a time.

KINROSS

"The beautiful evening gown, donated by Mrs. Tommy Thomas (now Mrs. Dudley-Bateman) and expertly modelled by Mrs. I. N. Cooley, was bought by Mr. Prosper Liston, who brought a large party, the auctioneer being Mr. Allan Lewis ably assisted at the microphone by Mr. Peter Cullen. Mrs. Ong Huck Lim was the final bidder for the Road Puppy. Others helping were Miss Helen Lee in a white crinoline dress, selling flowers and the wives of the jockeys."—*Penang Sunday Gazette*

Something for almost everyone, in fact.



BELLE DAME

It is a Dame extremely Belle
Hath me in thrall.
I went to look for an hotel
And found her in the hall.
I could not see her very well;
The night began to fall.

She sat behind a kind of frame,
Refulgent in the gloom,
Like some rare creature, not quite
tame,
Or an exotic bloom.
I did not like to ask her name;
She did not have a room.

Her eyes were wild, her eyes were
wet,
Her hair like asphodel;
Her voice, that breathed polite
regret,
Rang like a sweet bell.

I hear it now, but I forget
The name of the hotel.

She hardly lifted up her face;
She gave me one cold look,
And then, not stirring from her
place

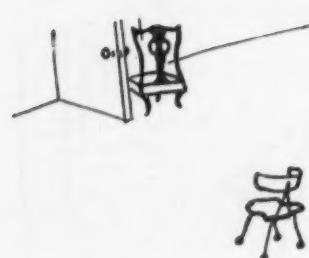
Her yellow head she shook,
And hung, with a prodigious
grace,
A key upon its hook.

I did not think to stop for tea;
I did not think at all.
Where that arcane hotel may
be
I cannot quite recall,
But it is La Belle Dame Sans
Lit
Hath me in thrall.

R. P. LISTER



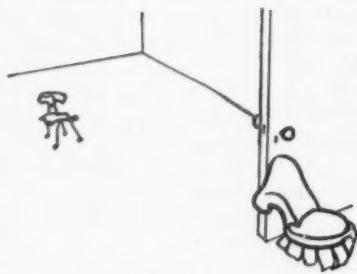
THE WITCH-HUNT



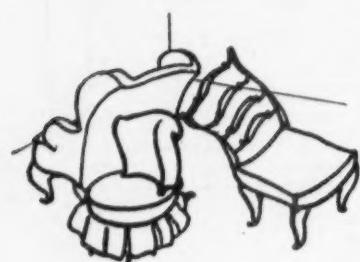
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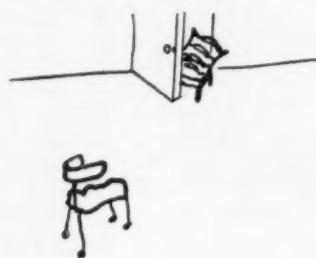
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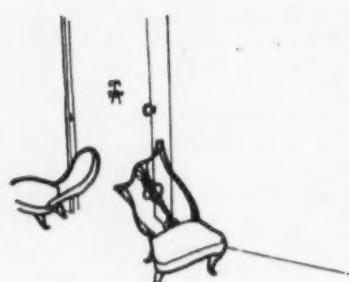
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. . . the . . .



. . . influence . . .



. . . of . . .



. . . subversive . . .

MY mother wrote and said she was thrilled to hear I was going on a cruise. Mrs. Alcock's daughter was only going to Paris and there were so many more places round the Mediterranean.

She hoped, however, that I had chosen the boat carefully. How big was it? The bigger boats were best because they balanced better. What was the captain like? About how old was he? How much experience had he? How well did he know the Mediterranean?

Oh, well, she could only hope I would stay calm and remember that if I floated I had a better chance than if I tried to keep swimming and sank from exhaustion. I just mustn't caper about near the railings. The crew were bound to be trained in life-saving but they would be cross if I fell overboard when there was no need.

She wasn't going to say any more than that because I always got so irritable. I never seemed to realize she was only trying to save my life and I would certainly be the first to blame her if I drowned. My mother didn't know how the Captain's mother stood it.

The sea air would be wonderful for me. I could go for walks round the deck and it would get rid of all the germs I had collected in London in my sun hat. The sun was strong in the Mediterranean and if I got sun-stroke my mother would never forgive me.

ALL AT SEA

We would play games, too, and it would be good for my muscles. I never used them in London except to scramble in and out of buses and cinemas; one of these days I might need them and then where would I be? It was very short-sighted of me. I used to be so keen on hockey, too.

She had just found the Mediterranean in my school atlas and it had confirmed something she had always known. I had written: "I like George Sanders better than the curate" right across the page. If I had spent less time on such silly nonsense and more time trying to take in some of the things I was being taught, Mrs. Alcock wouldn't be able to be so smug now.

Fancy, there were countries all around the Mediterranean. My mother had forgotten. What a fortunate position for Gibraltar. How exciting if we stopped at places like Algiers, but I must be careful in the bazaars and not let them sell me anything silly like a carpet. It was at Algiers, my mother thought, or Honolulu, or was it Bombay, that boys dived for money that tourists threw into the water. I must remember that

however picturesque and exciting this was, my money had to last the whole holiday. I would regret it later if I lost my head and threw it overboard.

I must write back straight away and give her all the details for Mrs. Alcock and my aunts.

So I did. I explained that she had got it quite wrong and that wasn't the kind of cruise I had meant at all. A group of us were going on Billy Morris's sailing boat. He had built it himself.

And I don't suppose I'll have to wait long for a reply.

MARJORIE RIDDELL

INJURED PARTY SPIRIT

I'M shocked at my political opponent.

He's often the most likeable of men;

But, honestly—I hate to have to say this—

He's making party capital again.

Really, you know, I never heard such nonsense . . .

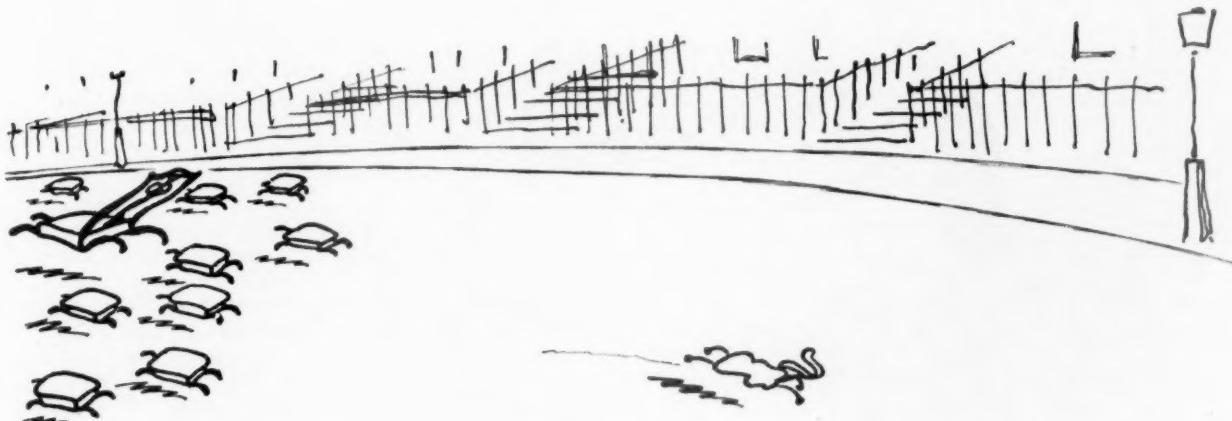
Distortion . . . misquotation . . .
parti pris . . .

Putting words into people's mouths.

It's awful.

Why can't he leave that sort of thing to me?

W. ROGER NICHOLSON



. . . elements."

Ruler of the Roast

JUAN PERÓN, President of Argentina, is a dictator who makes a good many mistakes.

But given the fortunate circumstance that there is nobody in sight to take his place, it is likely that his hold on Argentina's seventeen million people would still be as firm as ever were it not for one woeful development: a mishandling of the nation's meat production so crass that it has led to the extraordinary humiliation of a weekly meatless day. This is one of those "impossible" events—compare a wineless day in France, or a bloaterless day in Yarmouth—which first stun and then enrage the citizenry which falls victim to the innovation.

Argentinos lived for a century in an orgy of meat. Too much of it, some might feel—but then they liked it that way. The daily consumption per head for even the poorest person made the comparable United States figures look silly; and the gauchos out on the pampas ate goodness knows how many times their own weight of flesh a year. So did everyone else. A hefty carcass turning on the spit against the moment when a little group of house-painters, say, might feel like



knocking off for lunch, was formerly a commonplace in Buenos Aires. Visiting Englishmen, especially of the post-war vintage, quickly found themselves overcome. A succession of meals consisting of enormous "baby-beefs", gigantic slabs of steak, and various other massively carnal offerings can banish the appetite and, indeed, the joy of



"It's going to put the whole thing in its normal perspective if we can say it was a mistake on your part."

living with remarkable speed. Perhaps part of the trouble was that having produced meat in such quantity it was not felt necessary to cook it very well. For their part the Argentinos, while driving a series of none too easy bargains with the various British "Meat Missions" which made the long trek out to the River Plate after 1945, felt nothing but profound pity for the brave but luckless British who had to get by on their miserable tenpennyworth or whatever a week. A couple of years ago the Argentine press reproduced a photograph of the King's Birthday Parade, which showed the inevitable one or two fainting Guardsmen. This, they observed, is what comes of not feeding the British Army properly. Poor Guardsmen—not enough meat proteins! Unfortunately, when not long afterwards Perón's own Guards attended a commemoration service in Buenos Aires, the proceedings were interrupted by a series of crashes as several of the meat-rich soldiers toppled floorwards.

Most politicians who complain of an economic "vicious spiral" can at least blame it on circumstances more or less outside their control. No such minor relief comes Perón's way. He, almost unaided, is the architect of Argentina's vicious spiral in meat. Perhaps his "shirtless ones" could manage to curb their carnivorous desires if only there were something else to buy in Argentina besides meat. But here again the Perón policy has almost ruled out such universally desired consumer favourites as cars. Import licences are impossible to come by as far as the common man is concerned. (How then is it that the streets of Buenos Aires are crammed with the latest offerings from Detroit? Because the best reward for a deserving supporter is to dispatch him to the U.S.A. as head of a mission. On his return he is allowed to bring with him an assortment of motor-cars among his "personal effects" and these sell for small fortunes on the flourishing black market.)

In any case there was nothing for it but the meatless day—Friday.



"I just don't know how they can live in this heat."

Nominally it is only beef that is banned on meatless days, and it is theoretically possible to get pork or mutton in the restaurants. But the pork chops and the lamb cutlets, normally despised, are suddenly on meatless days the objects of a bargain-counter rush. And on meatless days in the best of Buenos Aires' restaurants—those places which hang upon their walls great photographs depicting impossibly fat, prize-winning steers of another and happier era—the waiters mutter apologetically the Spanish equivalent of "Sorry, sir, but that's off."

Recently two British visitors, aware that it was a meatless day and resigned to missing the pork by arriving late, found themselves gazing at a restaurant menu which held nothing but items newly pencilled out. They were about to appeal to the head waiter for fish, when he gathered himself together

and with a brave smile remarked, "Well, now, Señores, would you care to try one of our greatest meatless day delicacies, the stewed goat's udder?"

Some vigorous work by the police—possibly to make up for their noted absence the night the Jockey Club and the Socialist headquarters building were sacked and burned—has apparently led to the arrests of those responsible for last month's series of bombings. No bombs have exploded lately in Buenos Aires and that is on the whole just as well. The first three, which killed twelve people and wounded a hundred others, had the effect of rallying a good deal of sympathy to his cause; but the many later ones, which merely made a loud noise and hurt nobody, were tending to put him in a ridiculous position. He had only to unveil a picture at the Officers' Club

or turn up in Congress to make a speech, for the *bombinas* to start popping on all sides like firecrackers at a Chinese New Year celebration. It was reaching the pitch where Perón was in danger of getting to be regarded as a sort of Typhoid Mary of the explosives world.

As for the barbaric burning of the Jockey Club, along with most of its priceless and irreplaceable contents, merely to enable Perón to get even at long last with the "oligarchs" who formed most of the club's membership and who never pretended great enthusiasm over Peronismo, one observer in Buenos Aires pointed out that this has a slightly Elian overtone. Charles Lamb's famous Chinaman burned down his own house whenever he felt like roast pork. And to pay out the oligarchs, Perón saw fit to burn all the Goyas.

RAOUL SIMPKINS

A Pension for Johnson

MANY years ago I completed the libretto of a musical play, inspired by Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. I named it "A Pension for Johnson" and it was my hope that Chaliapin might be induced to play the part of Johnson and Melba that of Fanny Burney. As to the music, I was advised by a very dear old friend, a keen pianist, that I could hardly do better than approach Rachmaninoff. I wrote letters to all three, enclosing copies of my libretto, and as far as I can remember the result was that Chaliapin, Melba and myself were pretty badly let down by Rachmaninoff. I seem to recollect a rather feeble excuse about being engaged on some prelude or other, and I suppose that I was so discouraged by this rebuff that I had no heart to take the matter any farther with Chaliapin and Melba. At any rate, the whole affair came to nothing.

I had quite forgotten all this until a few days ago, when I was told that Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein, the makers of *South Pacific*, are now at work upon a new

musical play based on Boswell's *London Journal*. It immediately occurred to me that this production must necessarily have a good deal in common with "A Pension for Johnson" and that much of my libretto, elaborated with such infinite care so many years ago, might yet prove useful to Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein. In the hope, therefore, that this may be so, I propose to say a word or two about my little work, and to give a few examples of typical numbers.

The story of my play, very briefly indeed, is as follows: Johnson, Lord Chesterfield and Pope meet at the theatre, and Johnson throws Pope into the pit. (I know very well that rigid Johnsonians will have something to say here, and more, no doubt, before I have finished. One need not be too meticulous in a work of this kind.) Chesterfield, Johnson's creditor for ten pounds, resents the attack on Pope, and presses the lexicographer for the money. Johnson flies to the woods and hides there with Boswell. Chesterfield puts himself at the head of an unsavoury mob of literary men and rides in pursuit. Fanny Burney, in love with Boswell, throws herself at the feet of the Earl of Bute, the Prime Minister, and begs him to use his influence with George III to obtain for Johnson a pension of £300 a year. Bute agrees. The pension is granted, and Boswell and Johnson return to London in triumph.

Now, a good deal of this is disposed of by means of a ballet on which the curtain rises, and here I must warn Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein that nothing but really first-rate dancing and choreography will suffice. The throwing of Pope into the pit is straightforward enough, but immediately afterwards Chesterfield has to execute a *pas seul*, in which he must convey to the audience the fact that Johnson owes him ten pounds, and it is idle to hope that the point will be driven home without some pretty complex gyrations.

After the ballet, Fanny Burney and Boswell are left alone on the stage, and here I offer the first extract from my libretto—a duet entitled "Anguish and Agony":

BOSWELL.

We must part, we must part; though a lover at heart,

The Boswell is first a biographer:

Though he pine in a land that is far from the Strand

He must fly with the great lexicographer!

FANNY.

Away, then, away; we must do what we may
For this massive mahatma of letters;

Let to-morrow awaken a Burney forsaken
But never a Johnson in fetters!

BOTH. Oh—

Anguish and agony, dire and deep;
Boswell must sigh and Burney must weep;
Anguish and agony, care and woe;
Burney must stay and Boswell must go.



"Madam, please! Any hat will do—
we're only going down the ladder."



"They've all gone to the Business Efficiency Exhibition."

BOSWELL.

With the Doctor's consent I have purchased a tent—
Good Oglethorpe helped to select it—
And I clearly foresee an upbraiding for me
If I cannot contrive to erect it.

FANNY.

Oh, should Chesterfield's men come by night to
your den,
How shocking and painful the sight were,
If Johnson must leap from luxurious sleep,
And bound through the woods in his nightwear!

BOTH. Oh—

Anguish, etc.

BOSWELL.

I have bargained with Thrale for a barrel of
ale,
And although it may seem reprehensible,
If a tent in October dispirit me sober,
By heavens, I'll face it insensible!

FANNY.

Oh, alas and aleck, you will never come back
From this dismal and desperate journey,
And no sweet wedding bell, but eternal farewell
Is the portion of Boswell and Burney!

BOTH. Oh—

Anguish and agony, dire and deep;
Boswell must sigh, and Burney must weep:

Anguish and agony, care and woe;
Burney must stay, and Boswell must go!

The curtain falls on this duet, to rise on a camp-fire scene. Lord Chesterfield, Pope, Walpole, and others of the band lounge around the fire, talking and drinking:

CHESTERFIELD. Tether those nags, Pope.

POPE. Right, Phil.

CHESTERFIELD. By heavens, Walpole, this air's like wine!

WALPOLE. Certainly is.

CHESTERFIELD. Nothing like a life in the open!

A GIPSY LIFE FOR ME
Solo. (*Lord Chesterfield*)

CHESTERFIELD.

I lay me down in the bracken brown
And I rise with the rising sun:
I rasp my teeth with a wisp of heath,
For toothbrush have I none.
My bath I take in the icy lake,
With sputter and laughter gay-o,
And I break my fast in the wintry blast
With a hedgehog baked in clay-o!

Oh—

The open road by day, my lads,
And the camp-fire warm by night-o,

The battle-charger's neigh, my lads,
And the flash of the rapier bright-o!
Let them stay at home who fear to roam
In the woodlands wild and free-o,
But a gipsy life, a gipsy life, a gipsy life for me,
yo-ho!
A gipsy life for me!

I pounce at dawn on the sleeping fawn,
I strangle the drowsy bustard;
The sauce for my fare is the sparkling air,
And the thrill of the chase my mustard;
Let others eat the tasteless meat
That bolder men have slain-o,
I will crunch my prey in the gipsy way
Though I dine in the pouring rain-o!

Oh—
The open road by day, my lads,
And the camp-fire warm by night-o!
We'll wander while we may, my lads,
And shun the world polite-o.
Let the craven hug his fireside snug,
But a vagabond I would be-o,
And a gipsy life, a gipsy life, a gipsy life for me,
yo-ho-o-o-o-o-o-o!
A gipsy life for me!

Now, this seems to me a very spirited song indeed. I well remember thinking, while I was writing it, that it would stop the show, and I cannot help feeling that it might be equally effective in Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein's production. I now offer, in contrast, a rather pathetic little piece, sung at the beginning of the last act—Fanny Burney's appeal to the Prime Minister:

OH, HEAR ME, YOUR LORDSHIP
(*Fanny Burney, with the Earl of Bute*)

FANNY.
Oh, hear me, your lordship, and turn not away,
For mercy to Johnson and Boswell I pray,
Forlorn in the perilous forest they mope,
And all because Johnson has quarrelled with Pope.



BUTE.

With a hey down, and a ho down,
He's quarrelled with Pope.

FANNY.

Vile Chesterfield rides at the head of his men
To pluck the poor fugitives out of their den,
And he swears that no more than three suns will
have set

Before he has Johnson imprisoned for debt.

BUTE.

With a hey down, and a ho down,
Imprisoned for debt.

FANNY.

Now, with money alone may this contest be won,
And Boswell has little and Johnson has none,
And this is the sum of the message I bring,
That your lordship consent to petition the King.

BUTE.

With a hey down, and a ho down,
Petition the King.

FANNY.

Relief for a Johnson would hardly be dear
If bought for no more than three hundred a year,
And all may be well if you favour my plan
For saving this truly remarkable man.

BUTE.

With a hey down, and a ho down,
I'll do what I can.

FANNY.

With a hey down, and a ho down?

BUTE.

With a hey down, and a ho down!

BOTH.

With a hey down, and a ho down,
I'll (he'll) do what I (he) can!

I seem to remember that I had to put up with a good deal of petty criticism—from Rachmaninoff, if I am not mistaken—about the Earl of Bute's part in this song. Naturally, such an experienced statesman would be pretty non-committal in the first stages of an interview of this kind, and I think that I have managed to bring this out very successfully.

Of course, these extracts represent a mere fraction of the whole libretto. I could go on quoting for page after page—quartets, trios, duets, solos, choruses—the bulk of which might well have been sung and whistled all over the country, if only Rachmaninoff had known on which side his bread was buttered. There is a magnificent bass solo for Johnson—"Words, Words, Words"—which he sings with a chorus of amanuenses, and a fine "Song of the Bludgeon" for Walpole and Pope.

However, I hope that what I have offered may be of some little assistance in the creation of this new work, and if I can give any further help at all, in the shape of other items, or little hints and tips (the rhymes for "Boswell" and "Johnson" are pretty hopeless, by the way—"was well" and "gone, son," for example), I shall be only too delighted to do what I can.

T. S. WATT

THE QUEEN'S SHIPS—

QUEENS' ships—Queens' ships . . .
Gloriana's mariners
Putting forth to sea
Afire to beard the Spaniard
Wherever he might be . . .

Hanging on the Plate fleets' flanks
Like hounds upon the deer,
Roving, raiding, voyaging
Year on weary year . . .

Leaking, reeking, nail-sick,
Rolling home again
With their scurvy-rotten seamen
And the plunder of the Main.

Queens' ships—Queens' ships . . .
Stately first-rates
Of Good Queen Anne's day,
Plunging deep their gilded bows
In the trampled spray—

With their fighting ships' companies
That well the Frenchmen knew
And their brave bewigged Admirals
Of the White, Red and Blue—
Rooke that gained Gibraltar,
And valiant Leake also,
Myngs, and stout old Shovell,
And honest Benbow . . .



Queens' ships—Queens' ships . . .
Little ships and great ships,
The seven seas over,
Keeping up the long patrol
From Davis Strait to Dover—

(Franklin in the Arctic,
Gunboats at Rangoon—
Calliope at Apia
Fighting the typhoon)—

Cruising, sounding, searching,
Keeping clear the seas,
Through the little wars of Britain
And the piping times of peace . . .

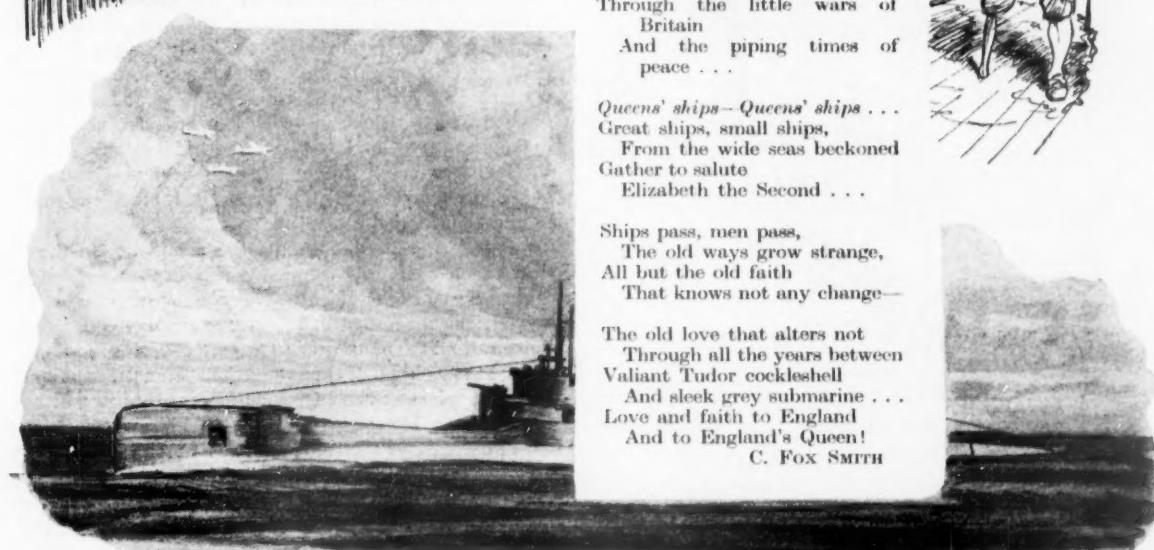


Queens' ships—Queens' ships . . .
Great ships, small ships,
From the wide seas beckoned
Gather to salute
Elizabeth the Second . . .

Ships pass, men pass,
The old ways grow strange,
All but the old faith
That knows not any change—

The old love that alters not
Through all the years between
Valiant Tudor cockleshell
And sleek grey submarine . . .
Love and faith to England
And to England's Queen!

C. FOX SMITH



Notes for a Serious Weekly

A Case for Vigilance

THE news, recently released, that an investigation is to be set on foot into the blood pressure of giraffes comes none too soon. Biological research has many triumphs to its credit, and Britain in particular may well be proud of the work that her scientists have done in this field—not least in tracing the incidence of the hermaphrodite threadworm in frogs. But the giraffe, for some unaccountable reason, has been sadly neglected.

The arteries of these creatures are narrower than is generally realized (one authority has described them as "hairlike"), and it is estimated that to pump blood through them from the heart to the brain, a vertical distance of anything up to fourteen feet, calls for a pressure three times that normal in man. Why then, the layman is entitled to ask, is the giraffe free from the characteristic stigmata—the laboured breathing, the ruddy or purplish complexion, the liability to sudden fits of rage—of the human arteriosclerotic? Here is one problem for urgent investigation, the solution of which may well be fraught with incalculable consequences for the future welfare not merely of

giraffes but of mankind as a whole. Another, of scarcely less moment, concerns the phenomenon known to high-speed pilots as "blacking-out." Biologists are hopeful that their experiments will shed fresh light on this distressing and little understood disorder.

With those experiments and their avowed objects men of sense and moderation will not, in principle, quarrel. Adequate safeguards there must, however, most certainly be. In no circumstances would it be morally justifiable to submit giraffes to the ordeal of a vertical bank. The end, however praiseworthy, cannot justify the means. Equally repugnant to the British public would be any attempt to lengthen the necks, even in the interests of their own safety, of our fighter pilots. There is a need here for close, in certain circumstances perhaps even Governmental, control.

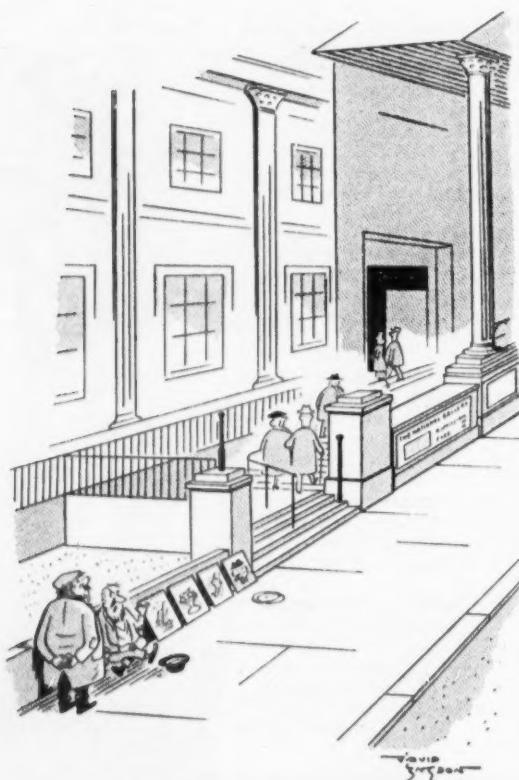
Fleeced for France

Not the least satisfactory feature of the affair of Baron Sciponi de Roure, whose asbestos vest has lately become the talk of Paris, is the revival of French patriotism. This gentleman, whose misfortunes have been aired in the French courts with a Gallic freedom and *espèglerie* that strike strangely on British ears, allowed himself to be swindled out of a matter of £100,000 by three men posing as agents of the French counter-espionage service. It is a large sum; but the victim, assured that the expenditure was necessary in order to secure for his country a flask of uranium, did not hesitate. Nor was he less ready to hand over his wife's diamond necklace, valued at £30,000, "to redeem the stolen secret plans of France's jet fighter plane, the *Mystère*." That the flask in fact contained sand, and that the plans were never stolen, is neither here nor there. Gullible the Baron may have been; he ought perhaps to have asked himself whether uranium is normally bought and sold by the flask; he should certainly have inquired more closely into the credentials of "General Combaluzier," who took a prominent part in these transactions. But what he did, he did for France. From first to last he acted from the highest motives, and both he and his Baroness—who, wittingly or unwittingly, risked her necklace for her country—deserve the grateful thanks of their compatriots.

Less estimable, but hardly less significant to those who look eagerly for the day when France will once again take her true place in the comity of nations, is the patient ingenuity and resource displayed by the conspirators. The purchase of an asbestos vest, to protect their victim against radiations from the uranium flask, is typical of their thoroughness. France will be glad of men like these in three to four years' time, or—in the case of the third man—eighteen months.

The Hazebrouck Scandal

If the Parisian police deserve congratulations for the breaking-up and dispersal, within two years, of the



"Killin' the trade, with their free admissions . . ."



"By the way, this isn't the first complaint we've had about your dog."

so-called "uranium gang," it is impossible to compliment their provincial colleagues at Hazebrouck, where the systematic siphoning of alcohol from a distillery, continued for some seventeen years, has just been brought to light. It is true that the impact of the Second World War may to some extent have impeded the local police in their investigations, but no false delicacy about criticizing the internal affairs of another country can be allowed to stifle the conviction that seventeen years is too long. There is surely a need here for a thorough, not to say drastic, overhaul of the machinery of justice.

More pertinently, it may be asked whether precautions against similar leakages from our own distilleries are sufficiently water-tight. Tunnels can as easily be built in Scotland as in Hazebrouck, and in the present state of feeling north of the Border an attempt might well be made, whether from misguided "nationalist" or other motives, to tap the great maturing vats. A widespread campaign of "siphoning-off" would, if prolonged undetected over a number of years, represent a serious loss of revenue and, what is worse, of dollars. If the authorities have not given their

attention to this matter, they would be well advised to do so without delay.

Pictures in the Sea

The Admiralty have revealed, not before it was time, some details of the underwater television equipment developed for oceanographic research. Further study will be necessary before an adequate appraisal can be made, but it is hoped to include a note of warning, together with several paragraphs of gratuitous advice, in a forthcoming issue. H. F. ELLIS

2 2

SECURITY OF THE BALLOT

The encouraging news that eighty per cent of the Viet-Minh electorate went to the polls in January has not yet been followed by the announcement of any results.

ONE vote, one value, we may note,
Is now the rule of Viet-Minh,
For everybody gets a vote
And nobody at all gets in.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



It is reported that a group of Yogis plan to climb Everest without clothes, food, tents or oxygen.

SUNDAY FUN

WE are often asked why we buy so many Sunday newspapers, all giving the same news. But do they? Read these charmingly varied accounts of one small episode:

"Pinza's owner, Sir Victor Sassoon, almost shouted his congratulations: 'Gordon, at last!' And Gordon grinned back: 'At last, Sir Victor.'"

"I thought Gordon looked a little grim as he rode back. Here was no victor's grin of triumph."

"Yesterday at Epsom was the first time ever I have seen him smile after winning a race."

"He vanished into the dressing room, still expressionless, nodding curt acknowledgments . . ."

"Gordon was sitting up and smiling . . . Picture top left . . . Sir Victor Sassoon . . . the look of delight on his face as he smiles his joy up to Gordon . . ."

"As Gordon unsaddled he looked glum and serious . . . Even Sir Victor Sassoon looked uneasy and embarrassed . . . The two men shook hands . . . but never spoke a word."

How dull it must be, you one-paper fellows, to see but a single facet of the truth! To us the demeanour of Sir Victor and "Sir" Gordon (to use the fashionable compromise) on that great occasion will always remain a delightful mystery.

A daily paper, by the way, completed the picture:

"The champion came back almost in tears 'with the thrill of it all.'"

Then, as we wander through our Sunday sheets, we are always coming upon sentences which shine like pearls in a dull oyster:

"Incidentally, no women are allowed inside the monastery."

Why "incidentally"? we wonder, and pass on happily to another gem:

"At first camera-minded, their interests soon turned to electricity."

Our sports-writer brothers always give us pleasure. Knowing how difficult the craft of metaphor is we sympathize with their efforts to say old things in a new way. But can it be that they sometimes overdo it?

"Bedser, of course, is the spearhead and main prop of our bowling."

"Spearhead" excites us, but the addition of "main prop" spoils the effect. We seem to see an old battering-ram supporting a wall or roof.

We have complained before about the "skittles" metaphor in cricket reports. In vain, it appears. For our revered new knight, the great Hobbs himself, writes:

"I saw the Australians play a game against Surrey which was almost skittles."

In what way, Sir John? No slight is intended, we are sure, on the ancient, athletic and difficult game of skittles. But the object of the skittles-player is to knock all the nine pins down with a single throw. This is often done: and it is a glorious thing to see and do. A player who knocked all the nine pins down with nine throws, however rapidly, would be considered a bad performer—indeed, by the rules he can throw only five times. Unless, then, some Australian got nine Surrey men out with a single ball, what happened at the Oval had not the smallest resemblance to skittles: and we hope, once more, that this moth-eaten and inaccurate metaphor will be forbidden by all decent editors. If all you wish to record, brothers, is that Surrey's batsmen were rapidly dismissed, why not say that they were seythed, that they fell like coconuts or popped balloons? SURREY BALLOON-POPPED would make a lovely heading.

A. P. H.



YOGIS ON EVEREST

WE are three spiritual peers,
Unfleshly flesh, unearthly
earth,
The product of four thousand
years
Of keen competitive re-birth.

We go to climb Mount Everest,
As others did the other day,
And we are tempered to the
test
More spiritually than they:

We do not carry tins and tents,
The gear that girds the lesser
fry;
We skip like naked innocents,
Kâlu, Bihâri Lâl and I.

Clear-headed on precipitous
brinks
Is Kâlu: every hour or so
He stands upon his head and
thinks,
And is immune from vertigo.

However thin the atmosphere,
Bihâri Lâl will never faint.
We buried him for weeks last year
And dug him up as fresh as
paint.

Myself, I am impermeable,
And barefoot brave the sharpest
scratches.
At home I relish to the full
A cosy on chevaux-de-frise.

Kâlu's subjective inward glow
Provides the heating for the team;
He can walk bare through falling
snow
Wrapped in a hissing cloud of
steam.

His levitative powers must
Be reckoned second-rate; but we
Produce between us static thrust
Enough to levitate the three.

We are not eager to attain
Wealth or reputé. To mortify
Our souls we think sufficient gain,
Kâlu, Bihâri Lâl and I.

Humble in spirit, mild, content
To have the psychic strength of ten,
We'll show the upstart Occident
How much we are the better men.

P. M. HUBBARD

SOME ENCHANTED EVENING

I SEE that the Chairman of my favourite daily, in his annual report to shareholders ("Cecil H. King reviews world-wide interests of Britain's leading newspaper enterprise"—*Daily Mirror*), is hot and strong for sponsored television and intends to sponsor some as soon as may be, being "in active communication with various people who may participate with us in this new development." I don't know whether these people include talented script-writers; if not, I should like to say that my services

robbed of breakfast-time enjoyment if the front page headlines had been thrown on their TV screens the

It seemed to Kane as he rushed to the farmhouse door that the little spaceman had got away—until he saw a scuffle in the garden . . .

**YARD MUDDLE
OVER SPINNEY
RIDDLE?**

Police Will Dig Today

to look at, so that it is the *Mirror's* duty to the nation, as well as its shareholders, to win their allegiance through the novel medium of commercial TV.

Hitting on a successful formula, as Mr. King will realize, is not going to be easy. There must be a certain amount of trial and error. We could,

**TODDLER FALLS
40 ft., LIVES**

Derek (5) Heard "Bang"

evening before. Also, many of the topics ventilated in the famous correspondence columns would not translate satisfactorily into real entertainment for the peak viewing hours.

Pictured here is a section of the crowd, mostly housewives hoping for a glimpse of Chibbins after his ordeal in the dock.

**Letter from Young Gent
IN LONDON**

My father eats very fast indeed and makes a terrible noise while eating. Could you suggest a way of stopping him?

of course, devote the programme time to clean, bright entertainment not directly connected with editorial contents of the paper, with the "commercial" repeated briefly at intervals. As a suggestion, a dramatized excerpt from a well-known footballer's private life, and then have the "star" himself come before the cameras for the "plug" line: "While other papers dribble the *Daily Mirror* shoots." Something of that kind. It must be

**NORWAY'S
"PRETTIEST
CHIN"
FLIES IN**

obvious that any programme advertising the *Daily Mirror* must aim to give viewers some idea of the morning treat enjoyed by regular readers, yet must largely avoid any literal presentation of the paper's attractions. Millions would be

**"VICAR'S NECK
FILTHY" CHARGE**

Alderman Pleads Mistaken Identity

realized, of course, that at present I am really only thinking aloud, and could no doubt work up something better, given the time, and the money.

On the whole, I incline to the view that our "strips" will be among our most precious Vision assets. It seems to me that if an actor could be found with the right sort of shoulder-muscles we might well sweep viewers right off their feet with, say—

THE GARTH SHOW!

GARTH is discovered, singing.
Behind, dancing in soft shoe,
RUGGLES, BUCK RYAN, THE
FLUTTERS, MR. DIGWELL,
BELINDA and (of course) JANE.

GARTH:
Forward! (Pom) With the people!
Our motto bright and gay;
Forward! (Pom) With the People!
That is what our Readers say.

JANE:
Tell me, do, which suits me better,
Dirndl blouse or knitted sweater?

ALL:
Forward! (Pom) With the People!
In the Mirror every day!

*Camera tracks to GARTH and JANE
(two-shot)*

GARTH: I've been watching that boy stuck in the fence.

JANE (gaily): He is O.K. Boy Trapped by Railings Jests During Rescue Bid. I made this pencil-slim skirt for only five shillings.

GARTH: When Dad comes home and finds no supper there are ructions at home, writes "Muffet", The Manse, Horncastle.

JANE: Do not be common, Garth. My friend says there are special forks for pickles but I think she is teasing me. I remove horrid wrinkles by rubbing my elbows with peat.

GARTH (heavily): Arrow shows where twins struck pavement.

JANE: You are too morbid. Are tall girls jealous? To-night I may find Romance.

GARTH: Scientist Warns, Earthslip Could Engulf London.

JANE: Don't be sarcastic. Ears need not be ugly if you—Oh! (screams and hides face).

They both fall forty feet, at least. But you get the general idea.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

A MAN ABOUT THE KITCHEN

HOW cute is our kitchen!

How neat each appliance!

How gleamingly rich in

The marvels of science!

How splendidly sited

Our eye-level oven!

How easily lighted

By my ever-loving!

How fit for its function

Our sink! And how urgent

And active the unction

Of this new detergent!

How tightly entangled

Our washing-machine is

With other new-fangled

Ancillary genies!

How odd—since our kitchen's

So up-to-the-minute—

We still seem to spend an

Eternity in it!

RODNEY HOBSON





Tuesday, June 9

Walking to the House through streets still gaily decorated for the Coronation.

House of Commons: Members of both Houses seemed to take into the Palace of Westminster with them something of the joyousness of that occasion. The Members of the Commons were certainly inclined to cheer anything and anybody who seemed to offer an excuse, and Sir DAVID ECCLES, the Minister of Works, gained a perfect tornado of applause on rising for the first time as a K.C.V.O.—his reward for his part in the decoration of London's streets and other Coronation services.

When Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL (in frock coat) arrived soon afterwards he got a full-throated cheer, too. For it was known that he bore good news from Korea, about the agreement just reached on the vexed question of the fate of prisoners of war, which meant (as

he put it) that "nothing ought now to stand in the way of an armistice."

The agreement was that no prisoner of war would be repatriated against his will. He modestly ascribed this good result to the "decisive guidance of President Eisenhower"—but Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON (with equally characteristic generosity) later congratulated Sir WINSTON on the achievement of a considerable victory, without which no settlement would have been possible.

What happens next? "Well, it would be unwise to assume that many difficulties will not lie ahead, but this agreement is a definite advance to the goal we all seek."

What of the attitude of President Syngman Rhee, of South Korea? "I expect it will work out all right in the end."

The course we were following, Sir WINSTON said, had a lot of fences, and it was best to jump them one at a time. With a grace-

ful bow in acknowledgment of the bouquets now flying thick and fast through the air towards the Treasury Bench, the Premier—calmly ignoring the rigid rule against the use of names on the Floor—invited the House to "remember the part Mr. EDEN had played in the events which had had so happy a conclusion.

Sir DAVID ECCLES announced that he would consider keeping the Coronation decorations up a little longer than had been proposed, as so many wanted to see them, weather permitting. He was reluctant to be persuaded that monthly concerts in historic Westminster Hall would be a good idea, in spite of the almost tearful plea of Sir RICHARD ACLAND that the people would "gain great spiritual refreshment from concerts on the first Monday of each month."

Sir EDWARD KEELING clearly had many Members agreeing with him when he pleaded for Government action to prevent the building of a "fourteen-storey, 170-feet office block in the City of London, near St. Paul's Cathedral," but Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN, as Minister of Housing and Local Government, took the somewhat novel view that "it was not his duty to go about stopping people from doing things."

Wednesday, June 10

Mr. TOM DRIBERG told the sad story of his attempts to get a

House of Lords: Home-Grown Food
House of Commons: Finance Bill

private-notice question asked about the fate of

Mr. CEDRIC BEL-

FRAGE, a British subject in process of expulsion from the United States. It appeared that he had sought yesterday to get Mr. Speaker's permission to table the question, only to be told by Sir RALPH VERNEY, the Speaker's Secretary, that his chief was at St. Paul's for



"... The course we were following had a lot of fences and he thought it was better to jump them one at a time."

the Coronation thanksgiving service and so could not give leave. So Mr. DIBERG put his application off, only to find that permission was refused to-day, on the ground that some other Member already had a question on the Order-paper on the same subject.

Mr. Speaker was sympathetic, blaming a "concatenation of unfortunate circumstances," and adding that "the lesson seemed to be not to go to church in the mornings."



MR. MACMILLAN: "It's not my duty to go about stopping people doing things."

The hoodoo which pursues Opposition witch-hunts had another outing this afternoon. The Colonial Secretary was asked to state the reasons which led him to permit Lord REITH, as paid Chairman of the Colonial Development Corporation, to undertake other business activities. Mr. LYTTELTON replied that he had felt it a good idea and added that the noble Lord was now to take a salary of £3,500 a year instead of £5,000.

Then, gently and quietly, a Tory asked whether the previous holder of the office, under the previous Government, had not also held several directorships, and the Minister, with an air of innocence lightly mingled with surprise, replied that that was so—he understood.

Then the House turned to the Finance Bill, in Committee, a discussion which attracted the attention of fully five per cent of the House's membership.

Their Lordships, at the behest of Lord TEVIOT (who is reputed to carry his own bread around with him whenever he leaves home) and Lord HANKEY, were talking about home food production and the use of agene in bread. The first they approved, the second they disapproved, on the whole.

Mr. BEVAN brightened things in the Commons, in the early morning, by calling Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN a "cad." He was offended because Mr. MACMILLAN had said he was "fighting for his life" before the Labour Party Executive. In the end and after much shouting, everybody apologized to everybody else—reluctantly—and all was well.

Thursday, June 11

To-day's debate on the Finance Bill was so similar to those which have gone before
House of Commons: that it could well
Finance Bill
(Recorded Repeat) have been taken as one of those "recorded repeats" with which the B.B.C. has made us familiar. There was ample seating accommodation available.

Before this, there was a long wrangle over a statement by Mr. LYTTELTON on the situation in Kenya. Many Members of the Opposition, including Mr. MORRISON, were clearly apprehensive lest the statement should prejudice the appeal to a supreme court of one of the Kenya leaders, but Mr. Speaker was able—not without difficulty—to reassure them. Sir WINSTON, and oh! so many others, took part in the battle, though, before Mr. Speaker firmly ended it.

Friday, June 12

A number of Private Members' Bills which had survived the hazards of second reading and committee, tried their luck in report and third reading stages. It was an extremely mixed field.
GUY EDEN



SIR DAVID ECCLES: ". . . standards in the Mall and the poles in Hyde Park will be the last to go."

CRITICISM

BOOKING OFFICE
Speed's Mappes

John Speed's England: A Facsimile of the First Edition of 1610. Vol. I: Western and South-Western Counties. Vol. II: Eastern and Home Counties. Phoenix House, £4 10s. each.

THESE two volumes of early maps of the English counties done in facsimile are such a grand conception and so beautifully reproduced that it is hard to speak of them with moderation. John Speed (1552-1629), well known in his own day as an historian and genealogist, is now chiefly remembered, if not as the first atlas-maker of England and Wales, at least as the one who produced at an early date, in his *Theatre of the Empire of Great Britaine*, the most popular and intelligent work of this kind. He was also the first to show the counties marked out in their old divisions of "hundreds." In spite of the many editions of Speed's volume, copies have become increasingly rare because plates are removed and framed—not surprising when the extraordinarily decorative quality of Speed's maps is examined. This lack is now made good.

The publishers rightly emphasize that these maps are not some highly specialized production for expert geographers or pedantic research students. They are something to be enjoyed by everyone who is interested in the English scene, and who possesses some sense of its wonderful past. The little pictures of battles, palaces, cathedrals, famous monuments, or coats of arms are worked into the general design of the maps with immense skill, and for each county there is a page of description of its history and characteristics, together with a gazetteer of the places.



The first volume contains *Hampshire*, the *Isle of Wight*, *Dorset*, *Devon*, *Cornwall*, *Somerset*, *Wiltshire*, *Gloucestershire*, *Herefordshire* and *Monmouthshire*; the second volume, *Kent*, *Sussex*, *Surrey*, *Berkshire*, *Middlesex*, *Essex*, *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, *Hertfordshire* and *Buckinghamshire*. The rest of England is billed to appear in two more volumes next year. Mr. John Arlott has admirably edited the whole production.

The maps themselves are scarcely to be described, because their charm lies in their colour and design, but a word or two may be said of them individually. *Hampshire* shows a small hunting scene in progress in the New Forest, and, elsewhere, the Empress Maud being carried in a horse-litter from Winchester to Ludgershall. Off the *Isle of Wight* (or "*Wight Island*") sea monsters rise from the waves, as they do also on the coasts of *Dorset* and *Devon*. Mr. Arlott thinks the map of *Cornwall* one of the least successful, because the pictures of the ancient stones, the Hurlers and the Cheesewring "weaken the design." Here I find myself in disagreement. The pictures of the stones, and the mysterious inscription, seem to me to make a striking and surrealist effect against the deep blue of the sea and the "prospect" of the town of Launceston, showing how Speed can suddenly vary his style with complete success. The fact that Cornwall is a peninsula surely justifies the hard line of termination on the east.

Wiltshire has a delightful picture of Stonehenge being explored by ladies and gentlemen in Elizabethan dress, while *Gloucestershire* contains an illustration of the single combat between Canute the Dane and Edmund Ironsyde, King of the

English Saxons. Below this the battle of Tewkesbury is depicted. *Herefordshire* shows the battle of Ludlow and contains two fine figures of geographers (have these some reference to Richard Hakluyt's family coming from Herefordshire?) holding measuring instruments. The description of the county is also notable for an event in Speed's own remembrance "when *Marcley Hill* in the East of this Shire roused it selfe out of a dead sleepe, with a roaring noise removed from the place where it stood, and for three days together travelled from her first site, to the great amazement and feare of the beholders . . . The ground thus travelled was about twenty-six acres."

Of *Somerset*: "Yet how delightfull so ever it is in the time of Sommer, with change of season it may well change her pleasing name, and borrow some winterly denomination; so full of wet, so miry and moorish is it; insomuch that the Inhabitants can hardly travell too and fro without their great encombrance. Howbeit they passe over all this with patience, knowing their ensuing seasonable profits farre to exceed present detriments and displeasures: for as it is foul, so it is fruitfull, which makes them comfort themselves with this proverb, that *What is worst for the Rider is best for the Abider*." *Monmouth* has a picture of King Henry V.

Kent shows a prospect of Rochester with ships sailing up the Thames; *Sussex*, the battle of Lewes; *Surrey*, the palaces of Richmond and Nonsuch; *Berkshire*, the long walls of Windsor Castle; *Middlesex*, Westminster Abbey and old St. Paul's. *Essex* has some Roman coins, *Suffolk* fine "supporters" for the ground plan of Ipswich. *Norfolk* is marked by the insurrection of Ket the Tanner, and *Hertfordshire* by several battles of the Wars of the Roses. The heraldry of *Buckinghamshire* is particularly

fine. In short they are two admirable volumes, recommended as a really handsome present.

ANTHONY POWELL

Heaven and Herbert Common. Frank Tilsley. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 14/- Here is that rare, romantic thing—A novel about greengrocery. 450 hard-packed, small-type pages Give you by smooth, revolving stages The story of two chaps who rise In jobs of Fruit and Veg. Supplies, One to a tottering success, T'other to so-called happiness. It waves the Love-Big-Business banner In Frankau's *Peter Jackson* manner.

In *Heaven and Herbert Common* you Can get a flitting bird's-eye view Of London's Covent Garden trade Between the wars . . . a cavalcade Of buying, selling, fiddles, chains Of shops, big losses, bigger gains, Share-pushing, and recurrent bouts Of love among the Brussels sprouts. A vegetable love? No. More Like animal. The bedroom door Is open wide, and Venus hence Is well observed in every sense. And what with one thing and another It's not a book to lend your mother. The hero may be Herbert C., But Jimmy Magnall seems to me To hold the author's interest More avidly than all the rest. Jimmy's a heel (that's my view). Jimmy Is get-rich-quick; his watchword's "Gimme!" His Promised Land's not Milk and Honey, But Girls and Money (chiefly Money). Indeed, with girls his general test Is "Have they money to invest?" Well, that's the book, and that's its gist, And that's its brash protagonist; And at the end he's going for A soldier in his second war.

R. A. U.

Lady Eleanor Smith: A Memoir. Lord Birkenhead. *Hutchinson*, 15/-

Lord Birkenhead's memoir of his sister, who died at the age of forty-two, is written with wit and distinction. It successfully avoids being an unreal panegyric, while at the same time dealing sympathetically with a person whose whims cannot always have been sympathetic. We are given a portrait of a young woman of immense egotism which seems eventually to have consumed her. She possessed a kind of brilliant banality, which she expressed chiefly in her novels of circus and gipsy life. In her prejudices, the fantasies she invented about herself, and her capacity for practical affairs, we recognize a comparatively familiar type; though she went further than most. Incidentally the book provides a

charming picture of a certain level of 'twenties life.

In the background broods the figure of "F. E." Among several enjoyable anecdotes, a lunatic and his keeper, one of whom had been at Wadham, called at Charlton, insisting on staying for lunch. On seeing these guests (whose identity was unknown) F. E.'s face took on an expression of martyrdom. There was a flood of surrealist conversation. Finally the madman remarked: "Well, my Lord High Chancellor, not on the Woolsack now!" to which the First Earl of Birkenhead sternly replied: "That is an extraordinarily foolish observation."

A. P.

The Doctor and the Devils. Dylan Thomas. *Dent*, 10/6

For sordid bestiality the Burke and Hare murders would be hard to parallel even to-day. Commissioned to write a film scenario on the subject Mr. Dylan Thomas has ignored the jargon of production directions and told his story in a mixture of brilliant description and sparse, first-rate dialogue. Reading it, one has the feeling of looking at a set of film "stills" with the hard surface gloss of such photographs: one's imagination, worked on by the poet's language, does the trick of running these shots together into the flow of a film.

The script does not go below the surface of print—to do so must be the task of producer and actors. Whether or not they succeed in conveying the theme—the doctor's belief that the ends of science justify even the means of murder—the written scenario stands on its own feet as a boldly successful experiment in a kind of chiaroscuro of great technical interest to any intelligent film-goer and all addicts of the thriller.

R. C. S.

A Short History of Music. Alfred Einstein. *Cassell*, 30/-

A new and revitalized edition of a work long looked upon as one of the most notable achievements of a fine scholar, with profuse illustrations selected by A. Hyatt King. Dr. Einstein writes with unmistakable authority and objective judgment, in spite of his statement that Henry Purcell was "the last important creative force of a country which has since depended on foreign importations"—an ill-considered verdict that would negate the work of British composers since Elgar.

Intended mainly for the musician, the book is especially recommended to any whose thoughts of past glories go no farther back than Mozart, Haydn and Bach. Exactly half its pages are concerned with composers before the great Johann Sebastian, who, giant that he was, is properly shown as the inheritor of two streams of musical culture: one the polyphony

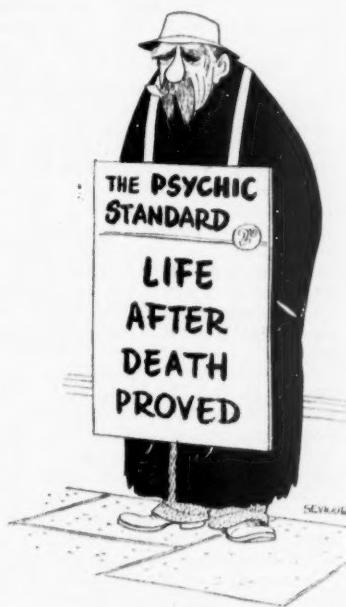
of the later Middle Ages with its ingenious intellectual contrivance, the other the more directly poetic and sensuous expression of an idea of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—to which our own madrigalists supplied a powerful tributary, with their "robust, natural emotion, and certainty in the handling of harmony and rhythm."

J. D.

McCarthy: The Man, Senator, and "Ism." Jack Anderson and Ronald W. May. *Gollancz*, 18/-

It is indeed as well that we should know something about this dreadful man. The reader on this side of the water cannot pass judgment on all the characters and episodes that fleet through these pages, nor can his attention be always easily maintained. There is clearly an appalling similarity to the early career of Hitler in the early career of McCarthy, and we read the book not so much out of curiosity in the man as in the hope of assurance that there is no danger of his rising higher. One dare not be complacent, but it is hard not to feel that there is a native strength in American society which will prevent it from allowing itself to fall under such a master.

The book tells us, in that characteristically American, unfootnoted, semi-fictional fashion, of the story of McCarthy's early days, of his inordinate love of power, of the unscrupulous means which he took to satisfy that love. As ominously as Hitler, he is a bachelor. But, after all, though the majority of people perhaps keep their love of power within bounds, the love of power and the unscrupulous



pursuit of it are not wholly uncommon. There are many who yearn for power for one who attains it.

What was the strange mesmeric power in McCarthy which has enabled him to succeed where others failed—which has enabled him to capture the soul of what has hitherto been thought of as one of the most politically-minded of the American States? That is the question to which we wish to know the answer and to which this book gives no answer. C. H.

Looking at London. Ronald Searle and Kaye Webb. *News Chronicle*, 5/-

London, one might think after five minutes in any of its bookshops, has been squeezed dry by the writer and the artist, to say nothing of the photographer. But this well-matched collaboration distils a new and refreshing draught of the capital's character and characters, steering clear of the routine sights and celebrities without too determinedly seeking the obscure bizarre. The text suggests a warm and lively affection for its bargees and cobblers, its street markets and barrel-organ pitches, and avoids the old journalistic trick of presenting real life as a surprisingly creditable imitation of fiction. Ronald Searle's drawings are perfectly complementary. J. B. B.

Living Time. Maurice Nicoll. *Vincent Stuart*, 25/-

Every dimension presupposes another. There must be a plane for a line to lie in, a space for a plane to spread through. There is thus no difficulty in grasping the idea of a second dimension of time for time as we know it to pass in.

Our time Mr. Nicoll calls "passing time"; the other, "living time." It is clear that in a system where "passing time" was as free as space is in our world, everything would happen at once, though in different parts of the system. Various writers have described what Mr. Nicoll takes to be glimpses of this state of affairs; the descriptions differ and are, not surprisingly, tenuous, but a characteristic of all of them is a feeling of the permanence of the individual, of independence of "passing time." Only by understanding this permanence of things, says Mr. Nicoll, can man achieve a proper integration of his life.

The author examines much philosophic and some scientific writing in the light of his ideas and extracts a good deal of relevance from his widely-chosen sources. What he never does is to combine the philosophic with the scientific. A small act of will provides enough sense of permanence to enable a man to follow Mr. Nicoll's arguments; and contrariwise the scientific view of the four-dimensional continuum remains

as easy to grasp if all the philosophy is swept away. The book never persuades the reader that there need be any connection. B. A. Y.

Cecil Rhodes. André Maurois. *Collins*, 7/6

Even for a Frenchman M. André Maurois is uncommonly versatile. For three decades he has gracefully, penetratingly and wittily interpreted ourselves—Shelley and Byron, Disraeli, King Edward VII and for full measure Colonel Bramble—to ourselves. And now he seeks to lay bare yet another aspect of the British character embodied in that great Imperialist Cecil Rhodes.

Unfortunately M. Maurois is not as comfortable in the Kimberley mines and on the veldt as he was in the aristocratic and slightly *raffiné* atmosphere of Mayfair. Consequently he has only accomplished a competent and not an arresting portrait. But it is questionable whether such a colossus as Rhodes can be portrayed in 170 pages, and certainly his astonishing career—he was just forty-nine when he died—is excellently narrated in broad outline. What is missing is the spirit that inspired that career. Ariel-like it has eluded the grasp of its French would-be captor.

I. F. D. M.

Flagellant of Seville. Paul Morand. *Lehmann*, 12/6

In this exciting historical novel M. Morand shows us the Peninsular War from an unfamiliar angle. He reminds us that there were Spaniards of the middle class, revolted by the

pettifogging inertia of the Bourbons, who gladly received a ruler from the land of progress. In 1808, when Don Luis came to Madrid to offer his services to the apostles of freedom, he presently found himself forced into the position of police agent for King Joseph. When hostile armies approached, the bureau had to move quickly; once a henchman of Marshal Pétain, M. Morand has seen this himself, and he describes the confusion with appalling vividness.

In 1814 Don Luis was driven into exile, but in 1823 the very same French troops, now the army of His Most Christian Majesty, escorted him back to Seville. A bitter, ironical book, by a writer who knows the feel of defeat and occupation; and also worth reading for its novel interpretation of English policy in the time of Napoleon.

A. D.

AT THE PLAY

Ecoutez Bien Messieurs
(WINTER GARDEN)

IT is good to see M. SACHA GUITRY again, and to be reminded of how much he can express with how little expression. A knowledge of the world which one feels must rival that of Mr. Maugham is amply indicated by the raising of an eyebrow by not more than a few thousandths of an inch. A complete commentary on human passion is embraced in a flick of the finger that would scarcely disturb a fly. It is never anything but a very superficial commentary, but judged as skating it is always extremely nimble and polished. A shrug of the shoulders is, so to speak, his strategic reserve, only to be flung into the battle at its most critical moment. Out of all this artifice is



M. SACHA GUITRY

[Ecoutez Bien Messieurs]

distilled a simplicity which in its way is something memorable, but at the same time it would be even better to see M. GUITRY in a play which approximated roughly to a piece of theatre, and not in a trivial charade embellished with the little tricks for making stage and audience one large embarrassed family, of which we were growing weary thirty years ago.

"Down with illusion!" M. GUITRY seems to cry, supremely confident that his personality will float the thinnest bubble through an evening. It has always been a dangerous ultimatum. *Ecoutez Bien Messieurs* moves so irresponsibly between illusion and reality that coloured lights are needed to give the audience its bearings.

At the start a playwright foxed for a plot talks for twenty minutes about women and the theatre, sitting at his desk and reading from notes. The talk is quite amusing, but M. GUITRY's method is that of a bored company chairman presenting a favourable report to his shareholders at the annual meeting. The playwright's mistress has left him, and in this suddenly he sees a plot which, of course, has been M. GUITRY's property for a long time. He promises to write his play in the intervals, and I am bound to say the subsequent acts bear a good many of the marks of this rather hasty origin.

When it comes, the play is still the playwright talking, only it is harshly criticized—though not more harshly than it deserves—by his mistress from a box in the manner of the Crazy Gang. It includes a visit from her mother, who is called Mrs. Tops and speaks Miss HEATHER THATCHER's impeccable English and gives the playwright a chance to rest his throat, and a little scene in which he and his mistress trick each other into a brief anxiety from which they emerge with wedding bells being tuned up.

For the technical interest of M. GUITRY's performance—and let no one be taken in by its air of casualness—one can almost forgive him the futility of his play. The knowledge that Mlle. LANA MARCONI, who plays the mistress admirably, is his fifth wife is no doubt an added compensation, but again it is not enough. To me the only part that held any sort of human meaning was that of the elderly squirming servant, wonderfully played by Mlle. JEANNE FUSIER-GIR.

Recommended

A Damon Runyon fairy-tale on the New York underworld, *Guys and Dolls* (Coliseum) is in every way a musical on the top line. *Venice Preserv'd* (Lyric, Hammersmith) has been dazzlingly exhumed, and ends



[*The Beggar's Opera*
Captain Macheath—SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER]

July 11. *The Seven Year Itch* (Aldwych) is an original and amusing American comedy about a slightly errant husband.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

*The Beggar's Opera—
Valley of Song*

IT looks as if LAURENCE OLIVIER's singing voice will be exaggerated into as much of a distraction for the film of *The Beggar's Opera* (Director: PETER BROOK) as José Ferrer's knees were, with not much less reason, for *Moulin Rouge*. Sir LAURENCE turns out to have a quite satisfactory, undistinguished but pleasant light voice—some say tenor, some say baritone—perfectly adequate for what it has to do; now, that's enough about that, let's get on to points about the film that really have something to do with it.

I liked it: it is made with imagination and a good deal of visual attractiveness, and it does many things that only the film can do. It would be too pretentious to suggest, as one might with a film of some more important classic, that it reveals hidden beauties or unsuspected depths, for few would claim that the original was more than a glorified squib or that it has any depths to be revealed. What the film does is to build with every kind of ingenuity and skill on a foundation best known for the ingenuity and skill with which it was presented (to quite different effect) on the stage of the Lyric, Hammersmith, in the nineteen-twenties. This is an entertainment of some diversity, mingling fantasy or nonsense of the comic-opera kind

with touches of eighteenth-century detail made as picturesquely squalid as possible (one eye on Hogarth).

Sir LAURENCE rides, ambles, strides and leaps through it, now diving from windows or swinging from ropes in the Tarzan-Fairbanks manner, now murmuring a love-song, now appearing as a speck of pillar-box red in the corner of some spacious landscape. He and STANLEY HOLLOWAY (Lockit) sing in their own voices; other principals' songs are provided by singers off-screen, an arrangement that works quite happily. Certain sequences that combine singing with complicated interweaving movements up and down stairs and so forth seem notably well handled; and above all, the colour and design are always worth looking at. People with the idea that the Nigel Playfair production was the one true form for *The Beggar's Opera* may be disconcerted, but I don't see why the film should not be enjoyed by anyone willing to accept it on its merits.

Valley of Song (Director: GILBERT GUNN) is a very simple, friendly, naïve picture about Wales, adapted from CLIFF GORDON's radio play *Choir Practice*. It will probably have most success with country audiences, which are so often ready to take the will for the deed in the matter of anything meant to amuse, but there is plenty to please anyone not too exacting. The dramatic basis is a village squabble arising from the new choirmaster's choice of a different contralto (in place of the one who has been good enough for the last twelve years) for the annual production of *Messiah*. One of the rivals has a daughter, the other a son; that way comes reconciliation. Pleasant Welsh

scenes, simple fun, good singing (provided by the London Welsh Association Choral Society), and competent acting by a large cast studded with Welsh names.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London, and generally released as well, are two feature-film records of the Coronation—two, that is, with titles of their own and specially-written commentaries and encrustations of extra-Coronation detail. (If you go to something merely announced as "The Coronation Film! In Full Colour!" you will probably find a newsreel.) *Elizabeth is Queen*, produced by HOWARD THOMAS, has words by JOHN PUDNEY spoken by LEO GENN, is in WarnerColor, runs for about an hour, and is padded with pictures of the Queen's youth and with Royal portraits; *A Queen is Crowned*, produced by CASTLETON KNIGHT, is in Technicolor and runs for ninety minutes, with words by CHRISTOPHER FRY spoken by LAURENCE OLIVIER. This shows very much more of the procession and pads only with art-calendar views of This England. Both do the Abbey scenes well.

Of the other London films—for sheer enjoyment I would pick *Genervieve* (10/6/53).

Other releases include two first-rate suspense stories which it may be possible to find in the same programme: *Time Bomb* (11/2/53) and *Jeopardy*.

RICHARD MALLETT



AT THE OPERA

Alceste (GLYNDEBOURNE)

IT was in the preface he wrote to *Alceste* that GLUCK laid down his code for the reform of the opera; and the first and most vital principle

he announced was that the claims of the music must take second place to the claims of poetry and drama. He did not choose a very appropriate book for the opera which should go into the world to proclaim his reformation, for CALZABIGI, his librettist, deprived Euripides's story, of a wife who volunteers to die to save her doomed husband, of a good deal of the drama it contains. In particular he removed the unhappy ending, replacing it with a *deus ex machina* and a chorus of rejoicing, which may have been to the taste of eighteenth-century Paris but hardly add to the impact of the story; a Greek tragedy without its tragic conclusion is rather like a race without a winning-post.

What results is a shifting landscape of moods, and only in the last act does the action develop and situations fall as thick as autumn leaves in Spitzbergen. GLUCK's music for this is always graceful, and probably underlined the emotions more for eighteenth-century listeners than it does for us.

When all is so formal and statuose, it is clear that the only virtuoso who is going to get a real dividend out of the opera is the producer, and certainly in the Glyndebourne production CARL EBERT is the hero of the evening. To hold a visual interest so unceasingly when so little of drama is taking place either in the plot or in the music is a notable achievement; and Herr EBERT's limpid and deliberate *tableaux* keep the eye firmly attracted to the stage when a lesser producer might have been excused for letting it wander round the auditorium to see where they had put the extra seating.

He is greatly helped by the sets designed by Sir HUGH CASSON—bleak granite walls of apparently infinite height, at the base of which

From *Punch*, June 18, 1853

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. NO. 11.



I THINK, CHARLES, you spend too much money in dress. Surely you did not wear three new waistcoats and three pairs of trousers just now. I suppose you've thrown a bill already, or want to keep on good terms with your tailors? But there is a great deal of ridiculous extravagance here of this kind. Not that the uses dress too well, but I wish they throw away so much money from bad judgment and bad taste. I am not going to preach you a sermon, for there is every good reason, among others, that you wouldn't listen to it. There is a family, I believe, in the Rue des Aparels, which is sure to be good if you have any fancy for that sort of literature—but I wish you to see that nothing of the sort can remain in your search after elegance and fashion.

Now look at PEACOCK of your college. He is the very type of a University dandy. He pays exclusive attention to the subject, and

mortals take their proper place as the puny playthings of gods. The grim walls of Hades in the last scene could not have been bettered; within such a structure only the damned could possibly exist, the damned or some government Board, and the hollow fanfare that precedes the summons of Thanatos was exactly the kind of eerie noise that must come out of such a monstrous pile.

MAGDA LASZLO sang the part of Alceste in a true, steely voice of great if rather cold splendour. She is, moreover, a more talented actress than is usually found on the operatic stage, and it was a pity that she could not take the final hurdle and enunciate her words so that more than twenty per cent of them could be made out. RICHARD LEWIS sang Admete with understanding and a fine ringing tone. VITTORIO GUI in the orchestra pit secured from all his forces a performance well worthy of the Glyndebourne tradition.

B. A. YOUNG



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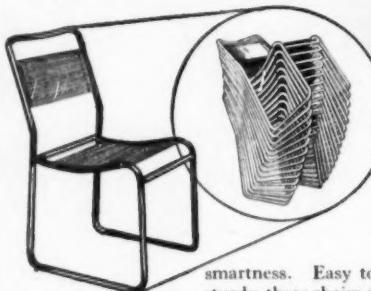


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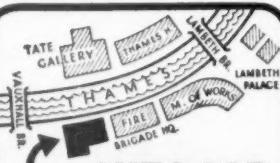
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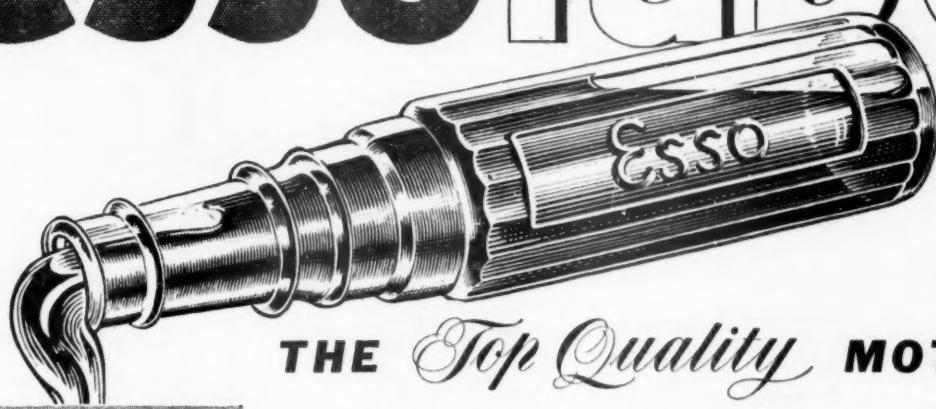
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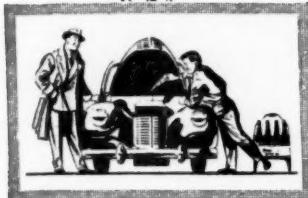
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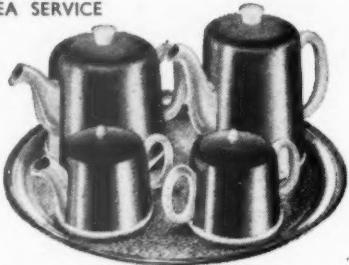
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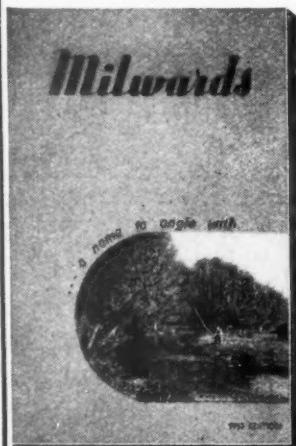
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when he found we'd eaten all the

MONK & GLASS Custard

Once you start tucking into the Monk & Glass custard it's very hard to stop. It's so creamy, so tempting, so luscious to the taste. Be sure you make enough for second helps!



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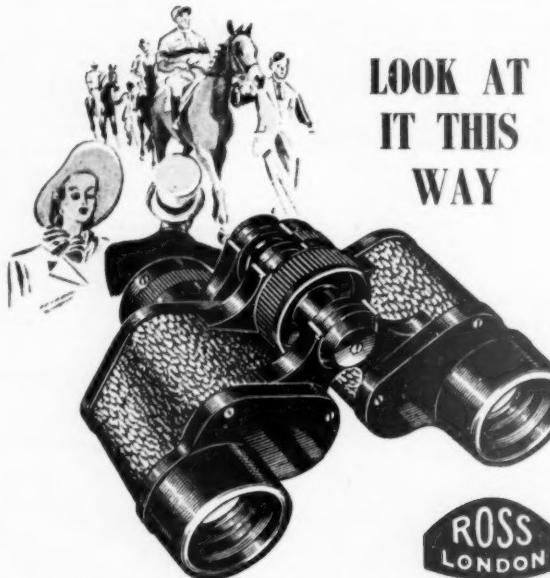
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TO DOGS
LIKE
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WE ARE LIVING in an era of violence in which animals, being defenceless and unable to bear witness, are too frequently the bewildered victims. The pet you cherish is lucky. A twist of circumstance might have put your dog or cat at the mercy of motiveless brutality. It is the aim of the RSPCA to protect the animals which are unloved. But cruelty by ignorance is equally common. To combat it the Society undertakes the task of teaching owners to care intelligently for their pets, to feed them wisely, to assure their comfort and happiness. If you love animals please help to maintain these campaigns by sending a donation or keeping an RSPCA collection box. Please write to:—The Chief Secretary, (Dept. P), RSPCA, 103, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

Remember the
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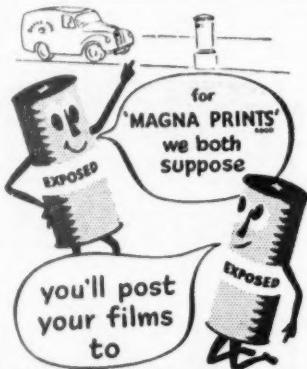
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What a 'fresh-feel' your mouth has after using green Kolynos! That's active Chlorophyll! That freshness tells you your teeth and every part of your mouth are perfectly clean . . . sweet . . . so much pleasanter all day long. Choose green Kolynos with Chlorophyll for four-fold mouth-care :—

- (1) It keeps your breath fresh.
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- (4) It cleans teeth whiter!

Girl with
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 WITH
Flextron
TUFTS

Made by Addis Ltd., of Hertford, who made the world's first toothbrush in 1780

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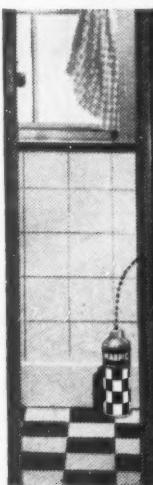


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Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It doesn't just whiten the bowl—it disinfects and deodorizes, too. Result—a gleaming white and sanitary-clean bowl! That's why 5 out of 10 housewives use Harpic!



No brush can reach round the hidden S-bend where germs may breed. But Harpic can—it deep-cleans!

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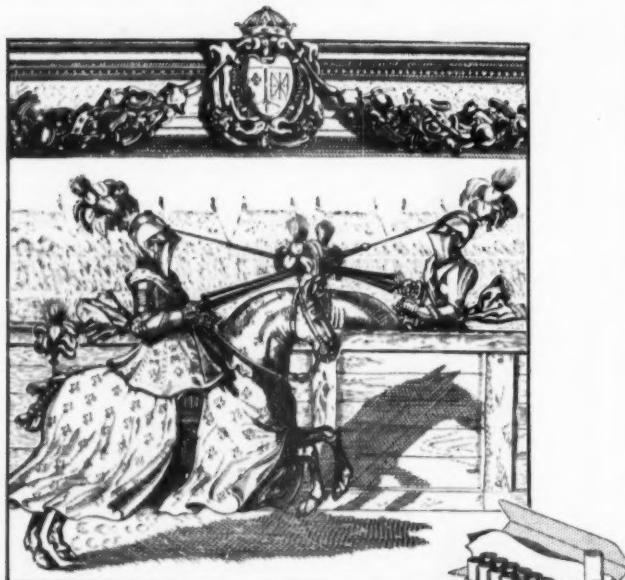
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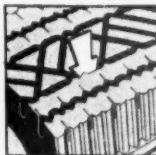
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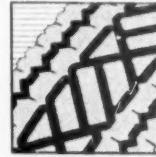
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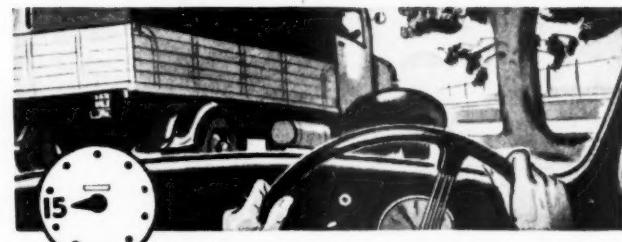
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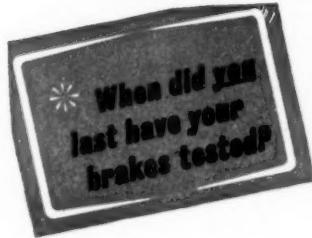
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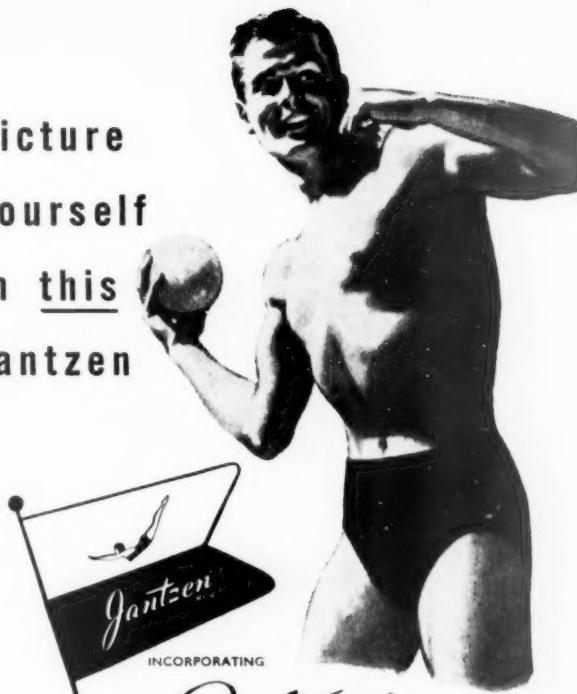
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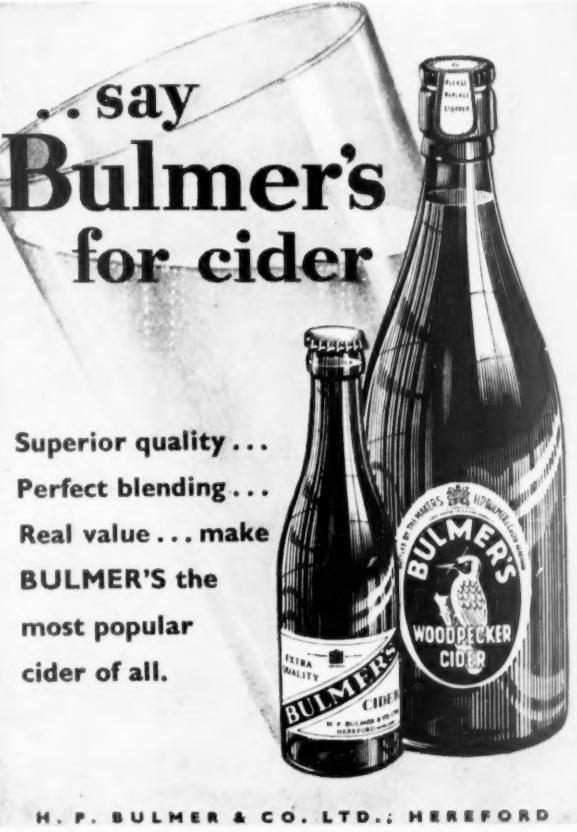
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